

THE ATHENÆUM

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No. 1670.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1859.

PRICE
FOURPENCE
Stamped Edition, 8d.

LECTURES ON JURISPRUDENCE.—Professor JOHN PHILIP GREEN, LL.B. Barrister-at-Law, will give a Course of about 10 LECTURES ON JURISPRUDENCE, on MONDAYS, from 7 to 8 o'clock, p.m., commencing on November 1st. Subject, including College Fee, 4s. 6d. This Course of Lectures is open to Gentlemen who are not in other Classes of the College as well as to those who are.

Hume Scholarship in Jurisprudence of 20l. a year, tenable for three years, will be awarded in December 1861. The Regulations concerning the Scholarships may be had on application at the office.

FRANCIS W. NEWMAN, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Laws.

CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

University College, London.

October 29, 1859.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—The Professor of English Law, JOHN A. RUSSELL, LL.B. Barrister-at-Law, will Lecture, during the Session, on TUESDAY EVENINGS, at 7½ o'clock, commencing on TUESDAY, November 1st. Subject, the Principles of the LAW OF REAL PROPERTY. Payment for the Course, including College Fee, 4s. 6d.

N.B. This Course is open to Gentlemen who are not attending other Classes at the College as well as to those who are. A Prize offered by LAURENCE COUNSEL will be at the disposal of the Professor for presentation to the most proficient Student of this Class at the end of the Session, if he consider the proficiency deserving of such a reward; if not, the Prize will be reserved for a future Session.

FRANCIS W. NEWMAN, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Laws.

CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

University College, London.

October 29, 1859.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—LECTURES ON POLITICAL ECONOMY, by Professor WALTER A. RUSSELL, LL.B. Barrister-at-Law, will be given on TUESDAY EVENINGS, at 7½ o'clock, commencing on TUESDAY, November 1st. Subjects:—Production and Distribution of Wealth, including Principles of Population and Theories of Wages, Profit and Rent, Theory of Value, Money, Credit, including Principles of Banking and Exchanges, Currency, Foreign Trade, Taxation, Public Debt. Payment, including College Fee, 4s. 6d. LECTURES ON TUESDAY, from 5 to 6 p.m. of the course is open to Gentlemen who are not attending other Classes in the College as well as to those who are. Students of the Schoolmasters' Classes will be admitted to these Lectures gratis.

A Ricardo Scholarship in Political Economy of 20l. a year, tenable for three years, will be awarded in December 1860. Candidates must have been during the Academic Year immediately preceding Matriculated Students of the College, and must produce satisfactory evidence of having regularly attended the Class of Political Economy. The regulations concerning the Scholarships may be had on application at the Office.

FRANCIS W. NEWMAN, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Laws.

CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

University College, London.

October 29, 1859.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL, West Strand.—The Governors earnestly request the ASSISTANCE of the public for this Charity. The losses which the Hospital has sustained by the death of many of the earliest Benefactors are painfully felt by the Charity, and it is feared that its efficiency will be impaired unless new friends supply their place. The Governors gratefully acknowledge the recent receipt of several very kind contributions, and they beg to state that Subscriptions are thankfully received by the Secretary, at the Hospital; and by Messrs. Drummonds, 40, Charing Cross; Messrs. Coutts, 3, Strand; and Messrs. Hoare, 1, Abchurch Lane.

JOHN ROBERTSON, Hon. Sec.

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION, BROMPTON.—Subscriptions, Donations, and Legacies are GREATLY MAINTAINED in full vigour this Charity, which has no endowment.

PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.

HENRY DOBBIN, Sec.

Twickenham House, S.W.

October 29, 1859.

TWICKENHAM HOUSE.—Dr. DIAMOND

(for nine years Superintendent to the Female Department of the SURREY COUNTY ASYLUM) has arranged the above commodious residence, with its extensive grounds, for the reception of Ladies mentally afflicted, who will be under his immediate Superintendence, and reside with his family. For terms, &c., apply to Dr. DIAMOND, Twickenham House, S.W.

* * * Trains constantly pass to and from London, the residence being about five minutes' walk from the Station.

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EDUCATION.—To PARENTS and GUARDIANS.—A Widow Lady, of much experience in the management of children, receives Six Young Ladies as Boarders; having a Vacancy for Three, will be happy to TAKE CHARGE of TWO or THREE LITTLE GIRLS from India, or others deprived of maternal care. They will receive all the comforts of home, with the benefit of a College Education; the most eminent Professors are present with all the Classes. Terms very moderate. The Advertiser stands for every branch. House pleasantly situated at West-End. Highest references given.—Address G. B. Messrs. R. Hicks & Co., Music Publishers to Her Most Gracious Majesty, New Burlington-street.

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Upon application, a set of the Engravings will be sent for Inspection anywhere in the Kingdom.

Specimens may be seen, and Prospectuses obtained, at Day & Sons, Lithographers to the Queen, 6, Gate-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, London.

NOTICE.—T. ROSS, Son and Successor of the late Andrew Ross, Optician, begs to intimate that, from long practical experience to the Construction of the Microscope and the Telescope, and the recent improvement he has effected in Microscope Object-glasses of high power and in Photographic Lenses,—he hopes to maintain the reputation his Father so justly acquired.—2, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn.

SEÑOR M. VIVES, Professor of Spanish, 41, CLARENCE-ROAD NORTH, Notting-hill, W.

THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY of the UNIVERSITY of EDINBURGH will RE-OPEN on the 1st of NOVEMBER, under the immediate superintendence of the Professor of Chemistry, Dr. Lyon Playfair, C.B., aided by Dr. Guthrie and Dr. Wanklyn.

The Hope Prize, the annual value of 50l., will be awarded by the Senate for Original Investigations made by Students.

THE GOVERNESSES' INSTITUTION, 34, SOHO-SQUARE.—MRS. WAGHORN, who has resided many years abroad, respectfully invites the attention of the Nobility, Gentry, and Principals of Schools, to her REGISTER of English and Foreign GOVERNESSES, TEACHERS, COMPANIONS, TUTORS, and PROFESSORS. School Property transferred, and Pupils introduced in England, France, and Germany. No charge to Principals.

PRIZE OF FIFTY GUINEAS.

THE COMMITTEE of the EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION are enabled, through the great liberality of an employer, JAMES SEYMOUR, Esq. of 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, to offer a PRIZE OF FIFTY GUINEAS for the best ESSAY on SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY and EARLY PAYMENT of WAGES Questions.

Adjudicators.—The Very Rev. the Dean of Canterbury, B.D. Rev. James Hamilton, B.D., and Benjamin Shaw, Esq., M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

A statement of conditions to be observed by the competitors will be forwarded, on application being made to the Superintending Secretary of the "Early Closing Association," 35, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C.

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The Rev. W. EARLE, M.A., receives into his House FIFTY PUPILS.

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Terms will be sent on application to the Master of the Temple and other Clergymen, and Parents of Pupils.

Chigwell is a remarkably healthy village, ten miles from London, on the Loughborough line of railway.

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DR. KINKEL'S CLASSES for LADIES in GERMAN, ANCIENT HISTORY and PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY just commencing at his house, 6, Eastbourne-terrace, Paddington. Four German Classes, one of them being an advanced class for the History of German Literature, with composition and Conversation. The Lectures on the HISTORY of ART to commence in January. Particulars in the Prospectus.

FRENCH, Italian, German.—Dr. ALTSCHUL,

Author of "First German Reading-Book," (dedicated to Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland,) &c. M. Philolog. Soc. Prof. Eloquence.—TWO LANGUAGES TAUGHT in the same lesson, or alternately, on the same Terms as One at the pupils' or at his house. Each language spoken in his PRIVATE Lessons, and select CLASSES for Ladies and Gentlemen. Preparation for all ordinary pursuits of life, the Universities, Army, and Civil Service Examinations.—9, OLD BOND-STREET, PICCADILLY.

A FRENCH PROTESTANT LADY and her DAUGHTERS, resident at the Sea-side, offer a temporary or more permanent HOME, with Lessons in Music, Singing, Painting, and Italian, to YOUNG LADIES desiring improvement in these accomplishments, or an accurate knowledge of the French Language.—For further particulars, apply to A. C. D., Mr. Treacher, Bookseller, North-street, Brighton.

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TUTOR for COLLEGE.—A MARRIED CLERGYMAN, M.A., late Fellow of his College, and Examiner in the Schools, Oxford, receiving in his Vicarage (easily reached from London) a few Young Men to be prepared for entrance at the University, has a VACANCY for ONE or TWO, limit being Three. More than twenty of his late Pupils have taken their Degrees, and some are now in residence.—Address Rev. S. S., Clerical Club, 36, Southampton-street, Strand, London, W.C.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, LONDON,

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1833, for the General Education of Ladies, and Education of ONE or TWO of Knowledge.

The HALF-TERM for the COLLEGE and PREPARATORY CLASS will begin on MONDAY, November 7th.

The HALF-YEARLY EXAMINATIONS for CERTIFICATE in SPECIAL SUBJECTS will begin on December 15th.

Arrangements are made for the reception of Boarders.

Prospectuses with full particulars may be obtained on application to Mrs. WILLIAMS, at the College Office.

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"THE SPIRIT AND ESSENCE OF 'KIDD'S JOURNAL—SOMETHING OF EVERY THING, AND ALL OF THE BEST.'"

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A List of MR. WILLIAM KIDD'S POPULAR "GOSSIPS" (Educational, Social, Anecdotal, and Instructive), and Terms, sent post-free to Hammersmith, Oct. 28.

DR. GEORGE SEXTON is open to ENGAGEMENTS to Lecture on Scientific, Literary, and Social Topics.

Very instructive Lectures are delivered by Dr. Sexton, F.R.G.S. and F.E.S., who has the singular merit of so popularizing his subject as to make himself clear without prolixity.

Mr. BIRT has a VACANCY for FRIDAY, November 18, on the South Coast Line of Railway, between Chichester and Dover.

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Morning Advertiser.

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A NIGHT AMONG THE STARS.—For

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A VACANCY for FRIDAY, November 18, on the South Coast Line of Railway, between Chichester and Dover.

ILLUSTRATION of LONDON TOPOGRAPHY. A curious View of LONDON BRIDGE, temp. Elizabeth I., with Description of the Antiquary of the Period. It is a Fac-simile of the UNIQUE PRINT in the Bodleian Library. To be had, price 5s., of L. Booth, 307, Regent-street, W. London.

SCHILLER CENTENARY.—PALLESKE'S

"Life of Schiller," translated by LADY WALLACE, and dedicated by permission to QUEEN VICTORIA, for which the copyright has been secured in England, will be published on Thursday, November 10, being the Hundredth Anniversary of the Birthday of the great German poet SCHILLER.

London, Longman, Green & Co. Paternoster-row.

SCHILLER FESTIVAL in the CRYSTAL PALACE.—10th NOVEMBER, 1859.—Gentlemen who are desirous and willing to assist in the performance of a Cantata for the Schiller Festival (the Words by Mr. Ferd. Freiligrath, the Music by Mr. Ed. Faurer), are requested to attend a Rehearsal on MONDAY, 31st of October, at Seven o'clock, at Seyd's Hotel, 29, Finsbury-square, E.C.

SCHILLER-FEST im CRYSTAL PALAST.—10. NOVEMBER, 1859.—Das Fest Comité ersucht hiermit alle deutsche Künstler welche gegenwärtig in England sind und sich an der Aufführung einer Fest-Cantate (Text von Herrn Ferd. Freiligrath, Music von Herrn Ed. Faurer), beteiligen wollen sich Montag, 31. October, abends Seven Uhr, in Seyd's Hotel, 29, Finsbury-square, E.C.

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ELEMENTARY CLASSES.

No. 187, For Ladies, first lesson, Monday, Nov. 14 at 5½.

No. 188, For Gentlemen, first lesson, Monday, Nov. 14 at 6½.

Fee for the Course—Ladies, 10s. 6d.; Gentlemen, 15s.

MORNING ELEMENTARY CLASS FOR LADIES.

No. 18, First Lesson, Tuesday Morning, Nov. 1, at 12.

The Morning Upper School for Ladies who have passed through an Elementary Class.

First Meeting, Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 12.30.

Fee to either Morning Class, one Guinea.

Further particulars of THOMAS HEADLAND, Secretary.

MADAME CAPLIN'S ANATOMICAL and PHYSIOLOGICAL GALLERY (for Ladies only) WILL OPEN ON WEDNESDAY NEXT November 2nd, at BERNERS-STREET, OXFORD-STREET, W. A Course of Lectures every Wednesday by MADAME CAPLIN, commencing at 5 o'clock.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE of WALES.—Messrs. Paul and Domino Colnaghi & Co. 13 and 14, Pall Mall East, Printers and Publishers to Her Majesty the Queen, beg to announce that by Her Majesty's Gracious Permission they are now publishing a Portrait of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, engraved by Mr. Francis Holl from the drawing by Mr. George Richmond.

Artists' Proofs 43 3 0

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EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTES for YOUNG LADIES.—1, Cadogan-gardens, Brompton, S.W. 7.

Somerset-street, Portman-square, W.—Portchester House, Portchester Terrace, W.—Will Keopen on the 5th of November (1859).

French, History, Geography, Astronomy, English, German, Italian, Drawing and Painting, Piano and Singing, Writing and Arithmetic, Dancing and Deportment.—Applications to be addressed to Mr. A. ROGER, Cadogan-gardens.

EDUCATION in FRANCE.—CALAIS.

Mlle. WANNER begs to inform her Friends and the Public that the SCHOOL, No. 212, Rue de la Fête VIVE, Calais, was RE-OPENED for Pupils and Lady Boarders, on 1st of OCTOBER.

Terms for each Young Lady, Twenty-four Guineas per Annum, Lady Boarders, Fifty Guineas.

There is an English Protestant Church, in which the Pupils are conducted by one of the Teachers.

First-rate Music and other Masters attend the School.

This is an excellent opportunity for instruction in French, under the most careful supervision.

References are given by Mrs. Howland, West Hill, Highbury.

Dr. WILKINSON, 4, St. John's Wood-street.

Dr. CHAPMAN, 1, Abchurch-lane, Hyde Park.

Mrs. C. H. ALLEN, 4, Lordship-terrace, St. John's Wood.

Parties desirous of investing money are requested to examine the plan of the Bank of Deposit, by which a high rate of interest may be obtained with ample security.

Deposits by special agreement may be withdrawn without notice.

The interest is payable in January and July.

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Forms for opening Accounts sent free on application.

the Trade Sales in that city, respectfully solicit consignments of Books and other Literary Property, either for their regular Sales during the business season, or the Autumn Trade Sales in August. Refer to—

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S**OUTHGATE & BARRETT** will **SELL** by
AUCTION, at their Rooms, 22, Fleet-street, on **THURSDAY** EVENING, November 3, and following Evening, at 6 o'clock, a valuable and choice **COLLECTION OF ENGLISH AND FOREIGN ENGRAVINGS**; comprising beautiful Proofs by R. Morghen, Will. Woollett, & strange—An important assemblage of Turner and Constable, and a few by the great Masters of the Old School; Anderton, Bervie, Bridoux, Desnoyers, Felsing, Forster, Fra. coli, Garavaglia, Loriclion, Longhi, Mandel, Richomme, &c. Portraits by Houbraken and Vertue—a small Collection of Water-Colour Drawings, by Varley, Pratt, Rowlandson, Stothard, &c.

MESSRS. S. LEIGH SOTHEBY & JOHN WILKINSON beg to announce that they have commenced their Season for the SALE of LIBRARIES, ENGRAVINGS, PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, COINS, MEDALS, ANTIQUITIES, and other Works of ART.

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The shifts and stratagems were numerous by which lairds of Jacobite tendency had to conceal their unpopular opinions from the officers of the Crown. The other day we read in an Irish newspaper a fabulous sketch of the Marshal M'Mahon, Duke of Magenta, in which there was one good story—of course, not true. After the suppression of one of those risings in Monaghan for which the sept of M'Mahon, to do them justice, were always ready on the slightest provocation, the bio-

grapher of the French Marshal tells us the lands of the sept were to be confiscated, unless the chief would abjure the mass. The survivors were in despair. To lose the land was to lose everything, even the chance of exercising in future the "sacred right of rebellion." The living head of the sept, an aged woman, sent for her priest—"Tell me, Father," said she, "what will become of me, if I turn Protestant?"—"Fire and brimstone," answered the priest.—"Fire and brimstone be it, then," replied his pupil; "better an old woman go to hell than the lands of the M'Mahon to a Saxon or a Scot." Many a daft laird discovered a like wisdom of the serpent in dealing with the English in the difficult days after Culloden Fight. We have two or three amusing anecdotes on the point culled from the table-talk of Bishop Low:—

"Oliphant of Gask, for instance, had two favourite toasts, 'The King,' and 'The Restoration,' both of them excusable as referring to legitimate objects, yet always pronounced in such a significant manner as to leave no doubt that he meant *James*, not *George*, and referred to a potential, not a past restoration. One day, when an officer of the army was dining with him, he felt somehow rather nervous about giving the latter toast, so after the 'King' had been given and accepted by the two, in their respective senses, he propounded, 'The King again, sir; ye can have nae objections to that.' A party of English troops being stationed at Peterhead, under the command of a young cornet, and he having received some civilities from the inhabitants, resolved to give a party in return, and in spite of the remonstrances of some Whig friends, he resolved to include in the invitation Bishop Dunbar. The worthy Bishop tried to excuse himself on the ground of age and infirmities, and because there might be political toasts given in which he could not join, but the Cornet triumphed over every scruple. After dinner, 'The King' being given as a toast, Bishop Dunbar quietly qualified the noun by adding the word 'rightful.' 'How, sir!' cried the young officer, 'our rightful King! By Jove, that is not King George!'—"Very well," said the Bishop, 'you see, gentlemen, our landlord is of opinion that King George is not our rightful sovereign, and certainly I have no wish to dispute it.'"

The good Bishop had a wallet of such stories. He knew his countrymen in their broadest humours and quaintest aspects, and in that period of transition from clan life to civilization which Scott delighted to paint; men who might have seen Rose Bradwardine gazing dreamily on the moonlit lake, or have trudged after Feargus M'Ivor on his way to defeat and death. These men of a past generation Bishop Low loved to talk of in the confidence of filberts and claret with his banker and churchwarden. Some of the more national or characteristic of these stories we present in a bunch:—

"Sir Michael Malcolm, who was noted for having descended to the trade of a joiner in London, and by virtue of his Jacobite associations, was on the scaffold with Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, as their undertaker; on which occasion, an English lady of some fortune, who was present as a spectator, fell so much in love with him as in time to become his wife. Sir Michael, however, with a fine outside, had a common-place mind, and was devoid of all polite learning. So, one day when presiding at a Justice Court at Kirkcaldy, he was rather hard tested by a sharp-witted shoemaker, whom he was condemning to a fortnight's imprisonment for some trivial offence. 'I want to know,' said the culprit, addressing Sir Michael, 'what is the meaning of those *Latin* words in the sentence?'—"Give that fellow two months more, for contempt of court," cried the conscious baronet. Equally good, in its way, was a story of General Anstruther, of Airdrie, who represented the East of Fife Burghs at the time of the Porteus Riots,

and gained such extreme unpopularity by voting with the Government against the city of Edinburgh, that, having to cross from Fife to England, he deemed it most prudent to avoid the usual ferry, and to get a couple of fishermen to take him from Earlsferry over to North Berwick. On the passage he fell into conversation with the two men: 'Well, I suppose, you fellows are all great smugglers?'—'Oh, ay,' said one of them, 'but I dinna think we ever smuggled a General before!' Of a different stamp, partaking more of the humorous than the witty, was a legend, regarding a Mrs. Balfour, of Denbog, in Fife, who flourished about 1770. The nearest neighbour of Denbog was a Mr. David Paterson, who had the character of being a good deal of a humorist. One day when Paterson called, he found Mrs. Balfour engaged in one of her half-yearly brewings, it being the custom in those days, each March and October, to make as much ale as would serve for the ensuing six months. She was in a great pother about bottles, her stock of which fell short of the number required, and asked Mr. Paterson if he could lend her any. 'No,' says Paterson, 'but I think I could bring you a few grey-beards that would hold a good deal; perhaps that would do.' The lady assented, and appointed a day when he should come again, and bring his grey-beards with him.

On the proper day Mr. Paterson made his appearance in Mrs. Balfour's little parlour. 'Well, Mr. Paterson, have you brought your grey-beards?'—'Oh, yes; they're down stairs waiting for you.'—'How many?'—'Nae less than ten.'—'Well, I hope they're pretty large, for really I find I have a good deal more ale than I have bottles for.'—'I see warrant ye, mem, ilk ane o' them will haud twa gallons.'—'Oh, that will do extremely well.' Down goes the lady. 'I left them in the dining-room,' said Paterson. When the lady went in she found ten of the most bibulous old lairds in the north of Fife. She at once perceived the joke, and entered heartily into it. After a good hearty laugh had gone round, she said, she thought it would be as well to have dinner before filling the grey-beards; and it was accordingly arranged that the gentlemen should take a ramble, and come in to dinner at two o'clock. The extra ale is understood to have been duly disposed of.—Ross, of Pitcalnie, a broken-down Jacobite laird, was very desirous of raising a little money, which, in the state of his credit, was no easy matter. He told a friend that he thought he should get it from Colquhoun Grant, before mentioned, although he bore no great character for liberality. The friend, of course, was incredulous, but Pitcalnie proceeded to make the attempt. Mr. Grant, on being asked for the loan of 40*l.*, pleaded that he should have been happy to oblige his old friend, but, unfortunately, the whole of his money was locked up in investments and banks, in such a way that he had no spare funds. Ross appeared to accept the excuse, and proceeded to draw the conversation to the affair of 1745, in which both he and Grant had borne arms. He dwelt particularly on the prowess which Grant had shown at *Gludemuir* (the battle of Preston), attributing to him the whole merit of the victory, inasmuch as he had captured the cannon of Sir John Cope, on which everything depended. The astute north country writer waxed quite warm under this judicious treatment, and when Pitcalnie arose to depart, he asked him to stop a moment till he went *ben the house*. 'I just remembered,' said he on returning, 'that a little money had been left in a desk there, and here it is, very much at your service.' Pitcalnie appeared exultingly before his incredulous friend, and explained how the miracle had been achieved. 'Stay a wee,' said he, 'this is forty out of Gladmuir: I've Fa'kirk i' my pouch yet—I wudna gie it for aucky!'

This brace of anecdotes has a yet finer flavour. The story of Lord Nairne comprises all that is to be said on the vexed question of reason and instinct, as applicable to convivial life:—

"The exiled Lord Nairne took very ill in France with the sober habits of the people, so different from the Bacchanalianism of his own country. Being at length joined by a few more, in the like

circumstances with himself, he got them all assembled round him at dinner one day, and when the cloth was removed, addressed them as follows:—'I canna express to ye, gentlemen, the satisfaction I feel in getting men of some sense about me, after being plagued for a twelvemonth wi' a set o' fules, nae better than brute beasts, that winna drink mair than what serves them.' A noble lord of the middle of the last century, resident near Edinburgh, was a man of weak intellect, though he sometimes said a clever thing. He was at one time detained in the Canongate jail, as men are now kept in lunatic asylums, that he might be out of harm's way. Some English officers visiting the prison asked him, with some surprise, how he got there? 'Much as you got into the army,' said the Earl; 'less by my own deserts than by the interest of my friends.'

The figure of a witty Mr. Hamilton starts into vivid life on one or two pages of the Bishop's gossip, and we regret our inability—as the reader will—to make a more intimate acquaintance with a gentleman possessed of an intellectual property in which Scotland, with all its greatness, is not rich. Here are two or three touches of his quality:—

"On another occasion, Mr. Hamilton was visiting at the house of a friend, whose wife was rather notorious for her extreme economy. The first day there was a pigeon pie for dinner, which was but slightly partaken of. The second day it appeared at breakfast, dinner, and supper, and the third day also; but on the remainder, now reduced to very small proportions, appearing the fourth day at breakfast, Robbie could stand it no longer, but exclaimed on seeing it, much to the amusement of the guests, 'Hech, sirs! that pie mak's me an auld man.' It is also related of Robbie, that, hearing some thieves rummaging in his drawers in the middle of the night, he said, quietly—'Haud ye busy, lads, haud ye busy! an' ye find ony siller there i' the dark, its mair than I can do in *day-light*.' On another occasion, all other resources being exhausted, he had a company assembled to purchase the trees around his house, and, as usual in similar circumstances, it was hinted to him, that it would be well to produce a bottle or two of brandy, to inspire competition. 'Lord, have a care o' your daft heads,' exclaimed the poor laird; 'if I had two or three bottles o' brandy, d'ye think I wud sell my trees!'

Of the shrewd, sharp sayings—not wit—for which Scotland is famous above most other countries, there is a specimen in another of the prelate's favourite anecdotes:—

"There was a Dowager Lady Sinclair, of Longformacus, who rented of Sir Robert Anstruther of Balcaekie the old mansion-house or *Place* of Carnbee, situated close to the church of that parish, but now pulled down. Lady Sinclair was a decided Jacobite and staunch Episcopalian, and attended regularly the chapel at Pittenweem belonging to that persuasion. Her landlord, Sir Robert, on the contrary, was a Presbyterian, and equally regular in his attendance at the parish church of Carnbee, though the minister in that day was not very remarkable for his powers as a preacher. Sir Robert and Lady Sinclair happened to meet one Sunday afternoon as they returned home from their respective churches. After the usual salutations, Sir Robert, said laughingly, 'Is not this very daft-like in us baith, Lady Sinclair?—in you to trail down every Sabbath-day to Pittenweem, when ye bide close to the kirk—and in me to gang up to Carnbee, when I am sae much nearer Pittenweem? Suppose we were to niffer for a wee while, and you to go to the kirk, and I to the chapel.'—'Na, na,' replied the lady, 'I am muckle obliged to ye, Sir Robert; if ye please, we'll just bide as we are; but I see it's quite true what folks say, that ye'll never catch Sir Robert Anstruther makin' a bad bargain.'

If not true wit, there is a touch of native salt in this which is of genuine interest; of far deeper interest, indeed, than mere word-play, however bright and clever. We give one other batch of these anecdotes:—

"In a letter to the Rev. D. Mackenzie, Bishop Low relates the following anecdote:—'Mr. Cruickshank lately had occasion to read the funeral service, in private, over the corpse of a poor old woman, in the house of another poor old woman, who was a Presbyterian, and a near relative of the deceased, who, it seems, had been for some time a burden upon her. When Mr. Cruickshank was throwing a little mould upon the body, and pronouncing the solemn and impressive words—'Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes'—the old Presbyterian woman flew at him, crying out, 'Haud yer hand, sir! what are ye aboot? Are ye gawn to raise the dead wi' yer cantriaps!' The worthy clergyman's remark was—'I really believe the poor Presbyterian imagined that I was to bring to life, and to burden her for another six weeks with her dead relation.'—The Earl of Stair had a Jacobite servant, whose misfortune it was one morning to report that a favourite horse of his master's was found hanged in the stable, at Newliston. His Lordship having expressed great surprise as to how the horse could have hanged himself, and not without implying some suspicion of carelessness on John's part, that worthy at last ventured to remark—'It was strange, my Lord; and the puir brute had naething to dae either wi' the Revolution or the massacre o' Glenco.'—A minister was preaching in a country kirk one afternoon in the hay season, and the sermon being none of the most rousing, the greater part of the congregation fell asleep. Waxing wroth on observing this, he rebuked them sharply, and added—'Almost the only person not asleep, is that poor idiot in the corner there.'—'Ay,' says the imbecile, 'an' if I hadna been a puir idiot, I sud ha' been asleep tae.'

We must not omit to say that along with all this light and unrelational matter, Mr. Conolly has thrown into his volume the usual facts of birth, consecration, death and burial, so that readers wishing to hear that Bishop Low was something other and better than a funny man and table-talker—as well as being that—may have under his eye a means of referring to the ordinary facts of his episcopal career.

The Book of the First American Chess Congress.
By Daniel Willard Fiske, M.A. (London, Low & Co.; New York, Rudd & Carleton.)

EVERYBODY is, or ought to be, more or less interested in chess. Life is a kind of chess—love is still more a kind of chess—and above all, politics is a kind of chess. History is nothing more than the record of chess details—the development of chess principles—the description of chess congresses. Houses of Parliament may be considered as great chess clubs, for the working out of curious diagrams, or the study of the best modes of cramping your adversary, and winning a good game in a given time. There is the ancient method of chess-playing—a combination of hazard and skill, in which the players throw for every move;—and the later (or non-scientific) method, where they only throw, if they like, for the first. Then, there are what may be called the unaccomplished facts of chess. There is the great Continental match pending between Black and White; in which one of the principals gives considerable odds, and the other undertakes to carry on simultaneously a number of games—castles changing hands, and in spite of the manoeuvres of knights, bishops, and subordinate powers, in general royal personages being removed from the board, and, ultimately, cornered or mated. There are surprising chess-games, which may be played by submarine or overland telegraph, or conducted by letter or by means of a mysterious notation:—the chess Societies of London communicating to the chess Societies of Vienna or Paris the moves and counter-moves they have respectively made, and astonishing the chess-world

with the complexity and rapidity of their play. Wonderful—most wonderful to a by-stander—are those games, presided over by a silent automaton, bearing a Turkish, or, at any rate, an Oriental dress,—some clever professional person, occasionally even a prince, well acquainted with mechanism, being hidden under the board, and directing the automaton's fingers, so as to defeat the most practised player by vast external results. For such games, however, brilliant inventive power is required—a great power of analysis—a peculiar coolness, not to say a refrigerative faculty of temperament, so as instantly to congeal the least warmth of feeling;—and, last of all, it is necessary for the player to have a good memory, to be well up in chess traditions and recollections, that at times he may foil his adversary with moves of his own which have been forgotten, or with complications invented by some master of the game who has bequeathed them as a noble property to his descendants.

The history of chess is lost in antiquity. It was an Adamite game, played in Eden with apples. As an American chess-player tells us:

E'en Adam found, in Eden's ground,
No rupture it is stated,
No spell to check sad sorrow's wreck
Till he by Eve was mated.

The date of Cheops and the Pyramids is young in comparison with that of chess. What is the Sphinx but a realization in stone of a perfect chess-player? Seated in the Desert, calm, motionless, problematic, regardless of time, or the trivialities of earth and men, immersed, as it is, in profound never-ending chess speculations. We have hazy surmises of heaven-born rich-flavoured ancestors of Ping-Wang playing chess by moonlight in fragrant Imperial tea-gardens. Then a flashing scimitar cuts a semicircle through time, and we see an offended Persian monarch nimbly decapitating his supplicant vizier for having prematurely checkmated him. We are dimly reminded of Indian sages and Arab chieftains who were sublime in chess difficulties, but whose diagrams have unfortunately been covered over by the sands of time. We think of the Pelopidae, or the Alemeonidae who tried to check-mate even the gods in Argos,—or the long-haired Acheans who played it in sandy Pylos,—or the luxurious sons of Priam who played it unscientifically in Troy. We utterly reject the supposition that chess was the invention of a single mind, though there is a slight show of probability in the story which refers the origin of the game to two brothers, Lydus and Tyrrhenus, who were starving in a desert, and obliged to invent a method of appeasing hunger. It is eminently a consolatory game, else why have so many ex-kings, ex-governors and statesmen out of office found relief by playing it? Ulysses, of course, played it,—Alexander, Haroun al Raschid, Zenobia, Charlemagne, William the Conqueror, Tamerlane, Robespierre, Napoleon. Its praises have been sung of in Arabic and Sanscrit, in Hebrew, Scandinavian and Latin. The progress of chess has been Imperial. It has followed the sun from east to west, successively lighting up the meridian of Pekin, Constantinople, Rome, Paris, Berlin and London. Madrid and Naples were great chess centres. Lombardy has been famous for chess, where, according to Denham, it was regarded as a "pensive game." Vienna was always distinguished for its chess-playing. At that capital, nearly a hundred years ago, the celebrated Chess Automaton was first exhibited which caused a complete commotion in Europe. After visiting Paris and London, it became the property of Frederic the Great,—and ultimately met and defeated Napoleon at Berlin. At the little Prussian town of Ströbeck chess was once taught in the schools and practised in public.

Then it was enlarged into a great military game played upon a vast board with an army of officers and soldiers. In the beginning of the present century a certain terrible Genoese proposed to play chess with cannons and mortars instead of pawns and other peaceful pieces,—while Republicans in France and America have endeavoured to get rid of the monarchical features of the game. In one of the Vedas a royal personage is represented seeking from the sage advice as to chess-playing. "Explain to me," he says, "O, thou super-eminent in virtue, the nature of the game that is played on the eight-times-eight squared board!" The answer is a little summary of wisdom:—"Let each player preserve his own forces with excessive care, and remember that the king is the most important of all. O, Prince, from inattention to the humbler forces, the king himself may fall into disaster."

There are three great periods of chess,—the mythical-primeval period—coeval with baobabs and Oriental dynasties—which is conjectured to have lasted through several millenniums. A game was something like a game then, for it amused Indian soldiers during a siege; and every reader of Oriental history knows the duration of those ancient military matters. The game was a quartett, Black and Green playing against Red and Yellow. The number of squares and the moves were the same as at present, only bishops were then called ships, and, in accordance with ancient navigation, were not allowed to move diagonally. In China the board was divided by an imaginary river; and the queen was represented by two pieces of very limited action. The second chess period begins, in the sixth century after Christ, with the transformation of two kings into viziers, who were allowed to move one square diagonally. This form of the game spread from Persia, by way of Byzantium, to Portugal and Spain,—and delighted paladins and sultans, knights and priests, for a thousand years. The Christian and the Moslem alike loved it,—the Eastern and the Western Church were at unity upon chess,—the Pope blessed the golden and ivory knights and kings, and their respective gambits, on the board,—valuable sets of chessmen were given to the monasteries, to enable the good monks and friars to play away the long days and nights happily. Hitherto pawns had been of little value in the game; the range of bishops had been limited. The beginning of the third chess period gave greater liberty to both. The vizier became the queen,—the privilege of castleing was given to the king,—and as the pawns or foot-soldiers had greater powers conferred on them, the custom of "non passar battaglia," or right of capturing in passing, was introduced. The chess-board was finally separated by different colours, and chess became an art—a science. Chess feats had certainly been done previously to this date. Blindfold matches had been played,—so early as 970 A.D. a Greek named Joseph Tchlebi had played an imperfect match of this kind at Tripoli, his eyes being bandaged, and liberty given him to touch the pieces and discover his adversary's position. Saracens, however, were the great players. In 1266 one named Buzacca played, at Florence, two games without seeing the pieces, and a third over the board. In the fifteenth century, when chess-playing was common in Spain and Italy, we have mention made of several famous blindfold players. German Dukes and Electors were then great in chess, publishing huge tomes upon it. Chess-clubs were organized in Italy,—and in Philip the Second's time a great chess-tourney was enacted at Madrid. We have recorded instances of Jesuits who could play three blindfold games at once, and the evidence of an

Italian author that he had witnessed one of them play four. The epoch of Stamma and Philidor made chess popular in England,—famous long-protracted battles were fought at Slaughter's Coffee-House, in St. Martin's Lane,—statesmen forgetting their political differences, and divines their theological hatreds, through the mediation of chess.

Paris had its famous chess-players too. At the Café de la Régence Voltaire and Marmontel, Grimm, Rousseau, and Benjamin Franklin were to be seen in happy combination, fighting only for honour, and waging war only for an idea. Franklin became a linguist by means of chess. "An acquaintance," he tells us, "who was learning Italian, used often to tempt me to play at chess with him. Finding this took up too much of the time I had to spare for study, I at length refused to play any more, unless on this condition, that the victor in every game should have the right to impose a task, either of parts of the grammar to be got by heart, or in translations, which tasks the vanquished was to perform upon honour before our next meeting. As we played pretty equally we thus beat one another into that language."

We cannot recount the later glories of chess, or speak of the brotherhoods it has established, the friendships it has created, the feuds it has extinguished, from New York to St. Petersburg, from Paris to Vienna, or from London to Bombay and Iceland. The reign of chess is immortal,—the language of chess is cosmopolitan. "The flag of Philidor," a chess-player tells us, "is not altogether the tricolor—but it is composed of sixty-four squares, twice the number of stars on the flag of liberty."

How suggestive is a chess-dinner, with its kings and queens, its knights in jelly, its bishops, castles, and pawns in cream, and its large cakes in the shape of chess-boards. Mr. Fiske is a devotee of the art, and has recorded all that is instructive for chess-players to know, or even the non-chess-playing public to read, from the earliest era of chess down to the days of Morphy, who is termed "the only" one. What a friend indeed chess sometimes is appears from a passage in the life of Mr. Löwenthal, the Hungarian chess-player:—

"One day, oppressed by the feeling of loneliness which comes over a stranger in a crowded city, and perplexed at the dark prospects before me, I wandered into a reading-room and took up the *New York Albion*. The first thing which caught my eye was a diagram with a position upon it. If a benevolent magician had waved his hand over me, the change could not have been greater. In a moment my old love for Chess revived, with a vividness I had never before experienced. It seemed as if it had grown into a passion after, for a few weeks, lying latent. The sense of loneliness vanished. I could find Chess-players, and a common love for Chess was, I knew, a sort of freemasonry. I could not leave the room before I had solved the problem. All night I fought in dreams many old battles over again, and anticipated combats yet to come. The next morning I called on the Editor of the *Albion*, who received me very kindly, and gave me his card as an introduction to Mr. Stanley of the British Consulate—a gentleman with whose name I was already familiar. Mr. Stanley gave me a most hospitable reception. I spent that evening at his house, and played with him; the result being, I think, even games. In Mr. Stanley's style of play, I found very much to admire, particularly the originality and invention displayed by him in the openings. This was especially remarkable in the Knight's Game, in which he introduced the method, since approved by the best Chess authorities, of bringing both the Knights over to the King's side, thus giving additional safety to the King, and preparing a strong attack."

In 1857 New York was the scene of a great Chess Congress. All the famous chess-players of

Europe and America being assembled, with the exception of Mr. Staunton. The great attraction was the blindfold game between Mr. Morphy and Mr. Paulsen:—

"Mr. Paulsen and Mr. Morphy sat back to back on the platform at the end of the hall. The four boards were ranged across the room, and besides Mr. Morphy the opponents of Mr. Paulsen were Mr. W. J. A. Fuller, Mr. Denis Julien, and Mr. C. H. Schultz. The contests began at half-past four, and Mr. Paulsen's accuracy astonished the numerous lookers-on. His vast powers of memory seemed never to fail him, and he retained throughout an unerring knowledge of the positions of the pawns and pieces on each board. At twelve o'clock Mr. Morphy had won his game, having announced, at the twenty-eighth move, checkmate in five moves; Mr. Schultz had resigned, and the remaining two games were adjourned, on account of the lateness of the hour, until Monday the twelfth, Mr. Paulsen calling off the positions of the men on each board in succession with almost incredible rapidity and precision. Several prominent citizens of New York and vicinity, including many distinguished ornaments of the pulpit and the bar, were present during the whole evening, and manifested great interest in this unusual exhibition of mental power. No progress was made in the Tournament to-day, the games being suspended a little after midday to make room for the necessary arrangements in connexion with the blindfold play. * * Several circumstances conducing to make this combat unusually remarkable. Neither of the contending players had lost a single game during the entire Tournament; each had drawn one. Both were young men, and both gifted in a high degree with those mental characteristics which go to form the accomplished chess-player. Both were known to possess the art of conducting more than one game at the same time without perceiving the boards. The rooms were more crowded than ever, and the daily press of New York, by elaborate reports of each day's progress, contributed to increase the attendance. One journal declared that 'the difference between Mr. Morphy and Mr. Paulsen in their ordinary play seems to be that between genius and talent.' Another curiously said: 'Altogether the two are fair types, the one of the Celt, with the nervous force, originality and imagination of the race; the other of the Teuton, with its power of memory and reflection.' This was intended to be an allusion to Mr. Morphy's Gallic descent. The *Chess Monthly* for December thus described their different styles:—'Mr. Morphy is bold and attacking, resembling in this particular the lamented M'Donnell; Mr. Paulsen is cautious and defensive to a fault. Mr. Morphy always met Pawn to King's fourth, with Pawn to King's fourth; Mr. Paulsen, when his adversary had the move, invariably played Pawn to Queen's Bishop's fourth. Mr. Morphy is rapid in his moves and quick in his combinations, his time on any move never having reached a quarter of an hour; Mr. Paulsen is exceedingly slow, some of his moves having occupied more than an hour and several in succession having exceeded thirty minutes.' Both Mr. Morphy and Mr. Paulsen possessed those virtues—not too common among great chess players—of modesty and courtesy. And it was a subject of gratification to every member of the Congress that no manifestation of rivalry, no exhibition of jealousy occurred on the part of either player to mar the pleasure with which their passages at arms were witnessed."

Here is a touching last scene in the life of chess-player Maelzel, the inventor of the chess-automaton. It is on board the brig Otis, Capt. Nobre, and off the port of Havanna. The vessel is clearing the port, and here is the player:—

"When Maelzel came on board, with the other passengers, Capt. Nobre was struck by the remarkable change, which had taken place in his appearance, since he had seen him with Schlumberger only three months before, in April. At that time not the slightest sign of wearing disease or natural decay could be seen: he was as stout and florid, as active and as lively, as he had been twelve years before, when he landed at New York, still a young

man at the age of fifty-three. But now it was evident that he was 'breaking up'—that all the powers of mind and body were rapidly sinking, as though the source from which they had derived their strength had been suddenly withdrawn. He sat on the deck, with a little travelling chess-board in his hand, clinging with the last exertion of his faculties to his favourite game. As soon as the brig had cleared the harbour, and the captain had become at liberty, Maelzel produced his board and invited him to play. They sat down, in view of the Moro Castle, and played two games. The weakness of Maelzel's play, compared with his former strength, was a further evidence of his rapid decay. He won the first game, to be sure—for his antagonist had no great skill—but his strength did not sustain him equally for a second. The position came to be one not much unlike the favourite one of the Automaton—three Pawns against three Pawns. Capt. Nobre, who had the move, was dimly aware, that all depended upon which Pawn he should push first, and asked his skillful adversary, as a known master in end-games, to advise him. Maelzel, usually so courteous and so obliging, answered, with a little of the sick man's peevishness, 'You must play your own game—I cannot tell you what to move.' Capt. Nobre, being thus thrown upon his own resources, meditated his move well, pushed the right Pawn and won. After dining—or attempting to dine—with the rest of the passengers, Maelzel took to his berth, and never left it again."

Series of diagrams, games, reports, anecdotes enhance the interest of Mr. Fiske's book.

Recollections and Correspondence drawn from the Papers of Madame Récamier—[Souvenirs, &c.]

[Second Notice.]

SUCH a sorceress as Madame Récamier—one at once so pliant and inaccessible, who without pretension to wit and science or political influence, nevertheless managed to draw round her everything that was most dangerous to such absolutism as Napoleon's—could not be permitted to remain in Paris on her own terms. Overtures,—it may be as well to repeat,—had been made to her to become the reigning *Sultana* in high places, to which she turned a deaf ear. She remained courageously constant to her masquerade-companion, the Authoress of 'L'Allemagne.' The banishment of Madame de Staël from Paris; her printing a new book, at Geneva, or Amsterdam, or London—anywhere, save within forty leagues of the capital—now seem to us, on the part of the ruler, a piece of frivolous spite, though flattering to the woman of genius, rather than otherwise. Then, they might have been thought matters of small consequence to one with so many friends and resources as "cette Staël" (Madame Dudevant's disparaging phrase). It was not so with Necker's daughter. She sickened for Paris; she lashed herself up into a passionate misery on the occasion of her exclusion from the Eden of her felicity, which naturally encouraged her persecutors to exaggerate the importance of their prohibition,—'L'Allemagne' was seized in the press while she was living at Chaumont. Those who dared to visit the authoress were inscribed in the Black Book.—Madame Récamier was one of the daring folk; and more, she made the pilgrimage into Touraine in the aggravating style of a rebellious Beauty, who can accept as well as reject homages.—Count de Nesselrode, First Russian Secretary of Legation, insisted on her using his *calèche* for the journey. She enchanted the circle of exiles by what Madame de Staël called "her benevolent coquetry,"—joined in the music, their little games; assisted, in brief, to give "an air" to her friend's disgrace by every art which beauty, a charming temper, and willingness to be wooed, could contribute. The reckoning was to come.—In her turn, Madame Ré-

camier received the compliment of ostracism. She was thrust out of the Elysium of Paris because she had loyally stuck by Madame de Staël!—She chose, for reasons not clearly made out in this book, during many months to establish her St. Helena at Châlons-sur-Marne, one of those small, sleepy, provincial towns of France which then, to the Parisian of that period, must have been a St. Helena indeed, in their dullness and want of *salon*-life.—With luxury, the Parisian creature, of either sex and of every period, can enable himself, when he pleases, to dispense, in a manner which is curious, among a people so wedded to habits and privileges and pleasures as our neighbours. There was, however, a conversable and gentlemanly *préfet* at Châlons just then; and, to beguile the time, the Parisian Beauty used to play the organ in the church at mass.—After some months she moved on to a more endurable penal settlement. This was Lyons, her birth-place; the birth-place, too, of M. Récamier, some of whose family lived there; and these, we are assured (with especial reference to a very religious sister, Madame Delphin), were not only presentable, but truly good people. There, too, Madame Récamier found company in The Duchess de Chevreuse, another recusant *Sultana* of the First Empire:—

The Duchess, * * victim to the obligations which the preservation of an immense fortune imposed on the family of her husband, had been compelled to accept a place as *dame du palais* to the Empress. Her father-in-law, the Duke de Luynes, had, for similar reasons, allowed himself to be made senator.

The Duchess de Chevreuse took office;—made herself in it as disagreeable as a woman can make herself when she does what she dislikes to do;—broke out one fine day in favour of elder dynasties, and was exiled.—Her mother seems to have been the more genuine woman of the two; one might say "man," for the Duchess de Luynes looked like a man, dressed like a man, had a man's big voice; but was still a great lady, and a great printer.—She had not merely her own press in her own *château* at Dampierre; but she herself composed, and could go through the entire typographical routine as thoroughly as any good fellow of the other sex.

It was at Lyons, and during this sojourn, that Madame Récamier made acquaintance with another person connected with printing, and that from such acquaintance grew an influencing friendship. To the English in general the name of M. Ballanche is still little more than a name. He was ugly, uncouth, unsavoury,—almost unpleasant in appearance. He came to see Madame Récamier in shoes so repulsive, that after a few minutes of the interview she modestly suggested the smell of the very bad grease as not attractive, and the call was concluded by him in his stocking-feet. Yet the two made a friendship on the spot, and the woman who (according to her memorialist) withstood Napoleon the First, and who (according to her own notes) withstood Wellington the One, accepted as companion and intimate, this strange, difficult, dreaming man;—a man from the ranks, too, with no qualifications for a lady's chamber. When once Madame Récamier had adopted M. Ballanche for friend (with whom there could be no question of gallantry),—it was for better for worse. She was as devoted to her gossips as was Johnson to his, or Walpole to his. She arranged her life to please them,—she harboured them,—was, indefinitely, thenceforth, and for ever, at their disposal. Such fidelity—singular characteristic in a beauty so assailed—so conscious, and so cold as Madame Récamier is here

represented to have been,—is a quality to which no tribute too large can be paid.

By way of changing the subject, let us give an anecdote connected with this sojourn at Lyons; not sharing in the scruples which make Madame Récamier's memorialist ask for pardon before recording it:—

Let no one be scandalized at the alliance of names which circumstances compel me to bring together. Precisely at the period when Talma happened to be at Lyons, and was playing at the great theatre before an electrified public, the Abbé de Boulogne, Bishop of Troyes, a preacher of great talent, and then under the ban of persecution, was passing through the same town. A singular chance brought him to the house of Madame Récamier on the day when Talma was dining there. The Bishop of Troyes, infinitely to be respected as a priest, had the culture of a man of letters and understanding, the habits of the best society, and a gentle and tolerant character. Familiar with the master-pieces of drama, yet never in his life having been to the theatre, the opportunity of meeting an actor of the first order seemed to him a piece of great good fortune. Talma, whom Madame Récamier presented to him, with as much willingness as respectful good grace, recited for the prelate those of his parts in which religious emotions had to be expressed; and did this with all the energy of his superior and admirable talent. The Abbé de Boulogne, enchanted, openly expressed the delight he enjoyed. In turn, Talma humbly entreated the preacher to allow him to hear some brilliant passage from his sermons. The Bishop did not refuse the request. After having listened to the orator with the liveliest interest, Talma commended his diction, made some observations on his gestures, and added, "It is very good, sir, down to this," pointing to the bust of the Bishop. "The lower part of the body is worth nothing; one can easily see that you have never thought about your legs."

Characteristic as is the player's professional criticism on the preacher, it is recounted in that style of dull caution which generally makes the narrative part of this book, suggestive as it is, heavy reading; and limits us in extract.—More might have been told of an Italian journey, during which Madame Récamier (now accompanied by an adopted child) captivated the Canovas. The sculptor modelled her bust from memory twice. The *Abate*, his brother, wrote her a sonnet every day.—Political relief brought her back to Paris, where a new series of triumphs set in; and where new figures of royalties and celebrities crossed the magic lantern. There will, possibly, be never again such an arena for social display as the French capital presented after the battle of Waterloo; and it is vexatious to think of destroyed diaries and sketches, especially since they seem to have been prepared with some deliberation.—Here, for instance, are "the heads" for a chapter, in which Madame Récamier purposed to give her account of that tilt with the great English Commander, which (if we recollect right) has been, in other Memoirs, told differently:—

Enthusiasm of Madame de Staël for the Duke of Wellington.—I see him, for the first time, at her house.—Conversation during dinner.—Visit he paid me the day after; Madame de Staël met him at my house.—Conversation about him after his departure.—The visits of Lord Wellington become numerous.—His opinion on popularity.—I present him to Queen Hortense.—Party at the Duchess de Luynes.—Conversation with the Duke of Wellington before a glass without quicksilver.—M. de Talleyrand and the Duchess of Courland.—Admiration of M. de Talleyrand for me.—Aversion which I have always felt for him.—Madame de Boigne stops me at the moment when I am going out with the Duke of Wellington.—Continuation of his visits.—Madame de Staël desires that I should exercise influence over him.—He writes me little insignificant notes, one like another.—I lend

him the letters of Mdlle. de Lespinasse, which have not come out.—His opinion of those letters.—He leaves Paris.—I see him again after the Battle of Waterloo.—He comes to see me the day after his return.—I do not expect him: the agitation which his visit causes me. He comes again in the evening, and finds my door shut.—I refuse also to see him the next day.—He writes to Madame de Staël to complain of me.—I do not see him more.—His situation and success in French society.—They say that he is engrossed with a young English lady, the wife of one of his *aides-de-camp*.—Return of Madame de Staël to Paris.—Dinner at the Queen of Sweden's with her and the Duke of Wellington, whom I see again.—His coldness to me, his occupation with the young English lady.—I am placed at dinner betwixt him and the Duke de Broglie.—He is moody at the beginning of dinner, but gradually warms up and ends by becoming very amiable.—I am aware of the mortification which the young English lady opposite feels.—I cease to talk with him, and occupy myself exclusively with the Duke de Broglie.—From that time I see the Duke of Wellington but very rarely.—He made me a visit at the *Abbaye aux Bois*, when he came last to Paris.

The above, it is evident from the concluding passage, must have been jotted down many years "after the fact." Who would not be glad of more such leaves from the Beauty's pocket-book? But she was merciless in one epithet. That the Duke's notes were not "insignificant"—however laconic—we had occasion to show ten years ago [*Athen.* No. 1138], when one of them addressed to her figured among the documents of Madame Colet's trial. Compared with the weary and washy effusions from M. Chateaubriand, with which a large part of the second volume of this work is filled, the Duke's note is incisive, striking, and, as such, brilliant.

One encounter more, and then we must hand over these Memoirs to those whose recollections will check and annotate them,—as a book, tiresome, disproportionate, nevertheless indispensable to any one who shall attempt the story of French society during the last eighty years.—Here, as the reader will at once detect, it is not Madame Récamier, but her panegyrist, who "recollects":—

With the Allied Sovereigns, come back for a second time into our poor country, there had arrived at Paris a woman, who enjoyed at that epoch distinguishing favour with the Emperor Alexander. The Baroness de Krüdner, whose youth had been romantic enough, but who at that time was no longer commanded, save by a mysticism as exalted as it was sincere,—had been brought, at a former period, into intercourse with Madame Récamier. She desired to renew this in 1815; and the other lady, whose curiosity was at least equal, eagerly seconded such desire. Madame de Krüdner inhabited a hotel in the Faubourg St. Honoré, near the Elysée, where the Emperor of Russia was then living. Every day Alexander, by crossing the garden, could reach her *incognito*, to exchange theories and thoughts in which religious "illumination" had a larger share than politics. The *tête-à-tête* was always concluded by a prayer. Madame de Krüdner had been very pretty. She was no longer young; but she had retained some elegance. * * The power, which she notoriously exercised over the Emperor of Russia enhanced the popular curiosity to hear and to see a prophetic sort. Her *salon* was open every evening to a crowd of the initiated, of curious folk, and of courtiers. Nothing could be more singular than these parties, which began in prayer, and ended in common worldly bustle and conversation. * * Madame de Krüdner had taken into compassion Benjamin Constant, whom she had known in Switzerland, and whom she found in Paris weighed down by universal disapproval. One evening, at one of the gatherings of this singular congregation, prayer had begun (it was usually Madame de Krüdner who prayed, and she did not do it without eloquence), all present were on their knees, Benjamin Constant like the rest. The stir of some one's

entering made him turn his head, on which he recognized *Madame la Duchesse de Bourbon*, accompanied by her *suite*. The eyes of the Princess fell on the publicist, who, for his part, embarrassed by his attitude, and disturbed at the impression which the Duchess could not avoid receiving on seeing such a man in such a position, prostrated himself so much the lower that his forehead almost touched the floor, murmuring to himself the while, "Well! the Princess must think and say, 'What is yonder hypocrite about!'" Benjamin Constant went to see Madame Récamier after this gathering, and it was himself who told the adventure with all gaiety. One of the faults of this rare genius was, that he mocked at everything, and at himself. * * Madame Récamier went frequently to Madame de Krüdner's, and her arrival sometimes disturbed the praying people. Benjamin Constant was one day obliged to write her this note:—"It is not without embarrassment that I discharge myself of a commission which Madame de Krüdner has just given me. She entreats you to come as little beautiful as you can. She says that you dazzle all the world; and that by this every soul is troubled, and all attention rendered impossible. You cannot lay your charm aside; but do not enhance it."

The shoulders again!—"So meet extremes"; the above note reminds us of the singular official request preferred to a French actress, in London, many years ago, to whom a very high lady (to avoid possible mistake, not our Sovereign) sent a message, that she wished to know when Mdlle. — "was going to play her least improper part."

The note aforesaid, however, introduces Benjamin Constant into the charmed circle, and may suggest why the guardians of Madame Récamier's *aureole* went to law rather than permit the publication of the whole correspondence betwixt the two.—We must have done, however: merely condensing into the smallest manageable space what is to be said of the late and longest part of the life of this Queen of Grace and Beauty. When its Indian summer came, she had that tact and grace which belong to Frenchwomen in particular,—and retired, determined no longer to play for youth. Excitement there must be for one like herself, so long as a pulse beats. The child to see whom in church Catholic people had scrambled up on altars, could not grow old in a corner without making her corner an altar, also, in its elderly way. But never was age made more pleasant, helpful, and gracious than that of Madame Récamier. When matters went amiss with her husband's fortune, she retired into her own world, and in place of vagabondizing, or repeating the miserable struggles of Crabbe's *Clodia*, she compelled the outer world to follow her. The Pagod whom she selected, to whom she attached herself with sincere and self-sacrificing affection, M. de Chateaubriand, would not have suited every *ex-beauty*. Pompous, gloomy, exacting, howsoever at heart chivalrous to exiled princes,—a man who seems to have given few friendly smiles, words, or deeds, in return for the thousands (he would have liked "*tens of thousands*") offered to him—a home-guest such as this would seem to many persons not so much a fireside saint as spectre. But it is evident that precisely such a man suited Madame Récamier to perfection. Tiresome as he was—worn out as is already the *pseudo-poetry* of his books—there was a scrap of real nobility in M. de Chateaubriand. Paris talked about him: Royalism could not afford to forget him (verbally):—Madame de Chateaubriand was disagreeable. He was only too glad to find some safety-valve for his *ennui*, his ambition, his sentimental affection, and his Memoirs, which were to convulse European society. Let not such compacts be looked into over-strictly. In reference to the mutual toleration of these two, let us not

invite the most diligent lover of intimate memoirs or correspondence to wade through the letters, the talk—the whole story, here told of the last friendship of Madame Récamier. When she settled herself at *L'Abbaye aux Bois*, among her own people, to end her days quietly, and with dignity, her idea (we will not say instinct) appears to have been one of just arrangement—of service for service. Madame Récamier believed in the Author of the 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe' (which have already passed into the most dusty oblivion). By the aid of M. Chateaubriand's vanity and notoriety—by the tradition of her old fascinations,—by her own personal grace and tranquil sweetness of temper, she knew to the last how to keep herself in the view of all Europe—of all select Europe, should rather be said.—This book, however, is one of the most incomplete among the many incomplete records of the life of a woman, who was avowedly not a Wit, ever offered to the public.

Christianity contrasted with Hindú Philosophy: an Essay, in Five Books, Sanskrit and English: with Practical Suggestions tendered to the Missionary among the Hindús. By James R. Ballantyne, LL.D. (Madden.)

THE Essay here presented to the public was offered in competition for a prize of 300*l*. Mr. Muir, a Member of the Bengal Civil Service, sought a refutation of the errors of Hindú philosophy, and offered a reward for the refutation. The prize was divided, and a moiety adjudged to this Essay, a guerdon it well deserved. In fact, the position which Dr. Ballantyne has long held as Professor of Moral Philosophy, and Principal of the Government College at Benares, has enabled him to obtain a more thorough acquaintance with the philosophical writings of the Hindús than any other living man. These writings have been his text-books; and it says much for the ability with which they have been composed, that, though it has been his study to detect their weak points, he estimates them far more highly than other European scholars, whose knowledge of them is less profound. Metaphysics are no easy subject at best, but when shrouded in the technical terms of the most difficult language in the world, the obscurity becomes dense indeed; and not to be mastered by any but the Sanskrit scholar, and by him only after special application to the Hindú philosophical books. If even Colebrooke has stumbled repeatedly in exhibiting the tenets of the Nyāya philosophy, it will not be surprising that Ritter and Cousin have altogether misunderstood and mis-stated them. Thus, Ritter, in speaking of the Nyāya system, confounds "soul" and "mind," ignorant that in that system "soul" is a portion of the Divine Spirit—"all pervading" and "eternal," but enveloped by *māyā*, or "illusion," giving rise to the idea of personality; whereas "mind" is the organ, or faculty, which, standing between "self" and the deliverances of sense, prevents those deliverances from crowding in pell-mell. Hence, as the mind presents but one object at a time, the Hindús consider it to be an atom. Thus, too, Cousin makes out the doctrine of Gautama to be materialism, as if he derived "soul" from "nature," whereas he only derives the soul's organs from something other than soul.

The misconceptions of European writers, however, as to Hindú philosophy are of less practical importance than the mistakes of missionaries. Dr. Ballantyne shows what mischief may be done by inaccurate versions of the Bible, and by the misuse of terms, the philoso-

phical meaning of which has been strictly limited by the Pundits. Thus, in the version of Genesis by the Baptist missionaries, in the very first verse of the first chapter, where heaven and earth are used to signify the universe, the missionaries have employed the words *ākāsha* and *prithivi*, terms used by Hindú philosophers to express two only of the five elements. Consequently, when the learned Hindú peruses the next verse, and finds the waters spoken of as they are there, he is led to doubt whether it be not intended to affirm that these were uncreated.

Dr. Ballantyne's plan, in dealing with the errors of Hindúism in the Essay before us, is, after giving a brief summary of the different Hindú systems, to propound in the form of Aphorisms the doctrines of Christianity, and show their superiority to the tenets of the Hindú. As a specimen of the manner in which Dr. Ballantyne explains how the Hindú reasoner arrived at his conceptions, we give the following extract:—

"Suppose that God—omnipresent, omniscient, and omnipotent—exists. Suppose, further, that, at some time or other, God exists and nothing else does. Suppose, in the next place, as held long in Europe and still in India, that nothing is made out of nothing (*ex nihilo nihil fit*); and suppose, finally, that God wills to make a world. Being omnipotent, He can make it. The dogma '*ex nihilo nihil fit*' being, by the hypothesis, an axiom, it follows that God, being able to make a world, can make it without making it out of nothing. The world so made must then consist of what previously existed,—i.e. of God. Now what do we understand by a world? Let it be an aggregate of souls with limited capacities—and of what these souls (rightly or wrongly) regard as objects—the special or intermediate causes of various modes of consciousness. Taking this to be what is meant by a world, how is God to form it out of himself? God is omniscient,—and, in virtue of his omnipresence his omniscience is everywhere. Where is the room for a limited intelligence? Viewing the matter (if that were strictly possible, *a priori*, one would incline to say 'nowhere.' But the Vedāntin before he had got this length was too painfully affected by the conviction, forced upon him, as on the rest of us, by a consciousness which will take no denial, that there are limited intelligences. 'I am ignorant,' he says; and if he is *wrong* in saying so, then (as a Pandit once remarked to me) his ignorance is established just as well as if he were right in saying so. Holding, then, that the soul is God and confronted with the inevitable fact that the soul does not spontaneously recognize itself as God, there was nothing for it but to make the fact itself do duty as its own cause, to say that the soul does not know itself to be God, just because it does not know it,—i.e. because it is ignorant,—i.e. because it is obstructed by ignorance (*ajñāna*)."

To the Essay are appended some valuable notes, particularly one 'On Translation into the Languages of India,' which deserves especial attention at the present moment. Dr. Ballantyne shows that the education of the Indian millions must be undertaken through a native, and not through an English, agency. He argues against the introduction of English scientific terms, which degenerate in Hindú usage into unintelligible corruptions, like the *digari* of our law-courts for a "decree," the *turpin-kā-tel* of our laboratories for "turpentine," or the *mamlet* of our kitchens for an "omelette." The whole volume deserves to be studied, and is, in fact, a meritorious digest of the subject of which it treats.

Literary Reminiscences and Memoirs of Thomas Campbell, Author of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' &c. By Cyrus Redding. 2 vols. (Skeet.)

THE "future biographer" has a good deal to answer for. By leave of Madame Roland, we

doubt whether the name of Liberty itself has been more frequently taken in vain. A man, otherwise honest and respectable, a good father, a responsible neighbour, will think it no crime to publish private letters, personal memoranda, scandalous anecdotes, paltry and twaddling details, of any other man, if he have the excuse to his own conscience that he is preserving materials for the use of the "future biographer." In like manner, and with scarcely less offence towards a confiding reader and purchaser, another man, with or without abilities to do better, will edit a mass of papers on the public just as a coalheaver might edit a sack of Wallend into your cellar; and deem it a sufficient explanation to say that he means his heap of rubbish as "contributive to the labour of the future biographer." Mr. Cyrus Redding, in this work on Campbell, which appears or re-appears from the press of Mr. Skeet, lays himself open to not a little good-humoured banter on the excess of respect which he professes for the coming man who, should he ever come, must supersede himself with the reading world. For this future genius Mr. Redding has collected all these materials of his old friend. For this future and ungrateful personage he has thrown them together in a form which respect for the unknown precludes him from calling a Life. Now, this is an excess of modesty. Mr. Cyrus Redding has, in very sober earnest, written or re-written a biography of Campbell; a work which appeals to the public as a proper substantive book, and not merely as a sack of coals. To the best of Mr. Redding's literary ability, it is well and completely done.

As hinted above, we have doubts how much of the 'Literary Reminiscences and Memoirs' may have been already before us in one or other shape. This checks our disposition to quote; but for the benefit of readers who may still be unaware of Mr. Redding's writings on Thomas Campbell, we venture to transfer a couple of extracts to our pages. Here is a column of gossip, more or less new, on the bargain made by Campbell with his publishers, Mundell & Son, for the copyright of his 'Pleasures of Hope':—

"He did not receive fifty pounds in money for the copyright of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' but he parted with the copyright of the poem altogether for two hundred printed copies, to be received of the publishers. This is shown by the following documents belonging to Mundell & Son, in the course of the business transacted between them. It must be observed that the dedication of the first edition bore a date three months antecedent, or April 13, 1799.

Excerpt from a letter dated July 13, 1799.

'As 'The Pleasures of Hope' are now published, it is proper that it be expressed in writing what bargain I made with you about the copyright of the work. It was settled that, for two hundred copies of the book in quires, Mundell & Son should have the entire copyright of the poem.—(Addressed) THOMAS CAMPBELL.'

Excerpt from letter dated July 15, 1799.

'I acknowledge having sold you the copyright of 'The Pleasures of Hope' for two hundred copies in quires.—(Signed) THOMAS CAMPBELL.'

—Now, two hundred copies in quires would be above fifty pounds, and supposing the sum of fifty shillings for boarding, and selling at six shillings, he must have received fifty-seven pounds ten shillings for the copyright. He also was presented, by his booksellers, of their own free will, with twenty-five pounds for every edition of a thousand copies, or, if two thousand were printed, fifty pounds, which sums were sometimes remitted to him in London, through Longman & Co., and sometimes paid to his mother. He was most generous and considerate to his relatives, and a truly excellent son and brother. On this score his receipts were one hundred and fifty pounds more. A misunderstanding taking place between the poet

and Mundell & Son, these free payments were discontinued. Besides these payments, Campbell received permission to print by subscription a quarto edition, the seventh, for his own benefit. This edition yielded him at least six hundred pounds more, or, in all, eight hundred and seven pounds. Campbell did not receive less than nine hundred pounds for the copyright of 'The Pleasures of Hope' alone. More than half a century ago such a profit upon a poem of eleven hundred lines was equal to that of Byron in a less vaunted literary era, a poet whose writings had a prodigious run, even, as it is well known, to the utmost of profit that the most popular author could expect to receive who does not retain his copyright. 'The Pleasures of Hope' brought its author fifteen shillings and a fraction a line; and Byron, in receiving two thousand five hundred pounds for 'Manfred,' 'The Prisoner of Chillon,' and the third canto of 'Childe Harold,' got no more per line. It is true that the booksellers, their heirs, executors, assigns, may, to their own advantage, quintuple such sums, but the author can have no ground to complain. The bargain made by the Author of 'The Pleasures of Hope' might have been bad, but the pecuniary worth of the poem could not be known until it was tested. It turned out that the author had no reason to censure the time in which he published, which appreciated his poem more correctly, nearly half a century ago, and with half the present reading population of the British Isles, than it would have done had he written later. Byron then, with his astonishing popularity, and driving the bargain of a well-known author, got no more than Campbell received, merely through a concession of his publishers.

Of Campbell's extreme care in polishing his verses every one must have heard. The subject of polish—of the power and freshness gained or lost by excessive refinement of style—is one perennially interesting to the children of letters. Campbell's file was close as Pope's. In the few specimens of this minute elaboration, thrown into a paragraph by Mr. Redding, there are some felicitous touches of the artist's hand:—

"He made a number of alterations in his verses; he sometimes printed for correction only, and kept them by him. From a copy of the 'Soldier's Dream,' after its first publication, it is evident he made the following,—

Our bugles had sung, for the night-cloud had lour'd,

to—

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lour'd.

The allusion in the second version is evidently to the pause in a conflict, while in the first it is the common 'go to bed,' in the soldier's phraseology, sounded in the evening of the day. The last line in the second stanza ran,—

And twice ere the cock crew I dream'd it again,—

it was altered to—

And thrice ere the morning I dream'd it again.

The third stanza was written,—

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
Till nature and sunshine disclosed the sweet way
To the house of my fathers that welcomed me back.

—It was changed thus,—

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
'Twas autumn, and sunshine disclosed the sweet way
To the home of my fathers that welcomed me back.

In a copy of 'Hohenlinden,' the fourth stanza reads,—

Then shook the hills by thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steeds to battle driven,
And rolling like bolts of heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

—It now reads, line the third,—

And louder than the bolts of heaven.

—In the same ode,—

On Linden's hills of stained snow,

once read,—

On Linden's heights of crimson'd snow.

—In the 'Beech Tree's Petition,' alterations were made from,—

Though shrub nor flow'et never grow,
My dark, unwarming shade below,
Nor fruits of autumn blossom born
My green and glossy leaves adorn—

to—

Though bush or flow'et never grow,
My dark, unwarming shade below;

Nor summer land perfume, the dew
Of rosy blush or yellow hue,
Nor fruits of autumn, &c.

—The line—

The ambrosial amber of the hive,

stood,—

The ambrosial treasure of the hive.

Thrice twenty summers I have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude.

—This was altered to,—

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow light, the forest green,
And many wintry winds have stood,
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower, &c.

—'Pleasant' was altered from 'rustling.' These were some of the re-touches in the poet's earlier works, with a view of rendering his verse more complete, but no similar efforts were made in regard to such inaccuracies as would, by remedying them, appear to be the confessions of an error arising from any deficiency of knowledge, as in those before alluded to in natural history; and the more obvious this was, the more repugnant the feeling seemed to be to a change.

—What colour and music gained by the mere change of a word—from 'ambrosial treasures' to ambrosial amber! How exquisite the gain from 'twice ere the cock crew' to 'thrice ere the morning'!

We resist the temptation to enter generally into the question of Campbell's position as a poet; those who may be in search of a sustained account of his life and works, we refer to Mr. Redding's volumes.

The Lusiad and the Cosmos; or, Camoens considered by Humboldt an admirable Painter of Nature—[Os Lusíadas e O Cosmos]. Moral and Political Studies on the Lusíadas—[Estudo Moral e Politico sobre os Lusíadas]. Some Fruits of Reading and Experience—[Alguns Fructos da Leitura, &c.]. By José Silvestre Ribeiro. (Lisbon, National Printing-Office.)

We have had an English writer,—Giles Jacob, the attorney,—who was equally successful with an Attorney's Guide and a series of Lives of the Poets. Our present Lord Chancellor has written the Lives of Chancellors and Chief Justices; and moreover a Letter, in which he strives to prove that our greatest poet had been originally a limb of the law; but had left the profession. Senhor Ribeiro seems in the same manner to divide his pen between law and literature. His collection and exposition of the Resolutions of the Portuguese Council of State is running, we observe, to a seventh volume; but he will soon balance the series by his 'Outlines of a Sketch of Portuguese Literature,' united to the works on Camoens and the 'Fruits of Reading' at the head of our article.

Some years ago a specimen was published of certain 'Sermons on Shakspeare,' in which a few lines of the poet were taken as the text for a moral disquisition on the truths they conveyed. The 'Studies on Camoens,' by Senhor Ribeiro, are more of the nature of these 'Sermons' than of the ordinary comments on a national poet. The commentator gives us, in connexion with some of the stanzas of 'The Lusíad,' his own opinions on Napoleon and Louis-Philippe, Lord Brougham and Sir Robert Peel, French and English journalism, and literature in general. There can be no complaint, therefore, of want of variety in the subjects, and there is some interest, even when the opinions are merely echoes of those we have heard before from London and Paris, in hearing them echoed from the banks of the Tagus. The 'Fruits of Reading' are equally diversified in their character. The author's reading appears to have chiefly lain in French, English, and Portuguese, and his literary faith to have been taken direct from the French. As Napoleon the First is with him "the

greatest man of all ages"; so the classical productions of modern times (page 37) are "the 'Childe Harold' of Byron, the 'Réné' and 'Génie du Christianisme' of Chateaubriand, the 'Ivanhoe' of Walter Scott, the 'Méditations Poétiques' of Lamartine, the historical works of Thierry, Barante, Guizot, Thiers, and Mignet, the literary productions of Villemain, the philosophic studies of Royer-Collard and Cousin." Not a single Italian or German, to say nothing of other nations, finds a place in this Portuguese list of the modern immortals. In another part of the volume however the author renders a tribute to the pathos of modern English and American poetry, and gives some translations from Moore, Percival, Willis, Doane, and Miss Brown. We trust that on some future occasion he will make his countrymen acquainted with the tributes that some of our English poets have paid to Portugal. The 'Almeida Hill' of Mickle, and many of the minor poems of Southey, might be of much interest to enlightened Portuguese readers. A great English poet is just returned from their shores; and Cintra, which has already been celebrated by Byron, Southey, and Beckford, may perhaps receive a new illustration from the muse of Tennyson.

The foreign reader will, however, find most of what is new and interesting to him in the numerous Portuguese anecdotes and incidents which are referred to and illustrated in the course of these volumes. One of the most striking of these passages is in the work entitled 'Os Lusíadas e O Cosmos.' It is the official report by the author, Senhor Ribeiro, at that time Administrator of the province of Beja, of a visit which he paid in 1845 to the tomb of Vasco da Gama, the illustrious discoverer of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope. A suggestion had been made to the Government to remove the remains of the great Admiral to Lisbon from the extinct convent of Carmelites, near the town of Vidigueira, where they were originally interred. Senhor Ribeiro went to make the necessary examination of the spot, and found to his surprise and horror that the tomb had been violated,—that two of the stones which covered it had been torn away, the coffin broken to pieces, probably in the hope of finding jewels on the corpse, and the bones of the great Admiral thrown about, and mingled with those of some of his descendants who had been buried near him. This outrage, Senhor Ribeiro found on examination, had been perpetrated in 1840, five years before; but no one could inform him of the particulars, or by whom it had been done, and it had evidently passed at the time not only without punishment but without notice. "Let it be remembered," he exclaims, in indignation, "what England did for Nelson." But England can, unfortunately, lay no claim to an exemption from blame of this kind. The *Times* has recently contained a correspondence on the subject of the barbarous practices at the country church in Essex, which is distinguished by the tomb of the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; and the remains of Milton in a London church were not secure from the miserable curiosity of churchwardens. Have the men of Edinburgh yet put a stop to the shameful desecration of the remains of Scottish kings, which was made a show of, a few years ago, to every visitor of Holyrood?

Let us return from Vasco da Gama to the poet who has sung him. In the volume entitled 'Os Lusíadas e O Cosmos,' Senhor Ribeiro is, it seems to us, too severe on Ercilla, the Spanish poet of the 'Araucana,' of whom he quotes three stanzas, which he stigmatizes as so absurdly prosaic that he could not expect his readers to credit their existence without ocular

demonstration. We know of no stanza in the 'Araucana' more absurd than the one we are about to quote from Camoens, and from that which is always spoken of as the finest part of his poem. Freire de Carvalho, in his edition of the 'Lusiad,' quotes the opinion of the French critic, Sané, that "Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton have nothing more grand and original than the episode of Adamastor, the Spirit of the Cape of Storms;" and that "the poetry of that passage is divine." The Spirit of the Cape of Storms is a gigantic figure, which appears to the crew of Vasco da Gama as they are, for the first time in the history of the world, labouring round the southern promontory of Africa. He addresses the Admiral thus:—

En sou aquella occulto e grande Cabo,
A quem chamais vós outros Tormentorio;
Que nunca a Ptolemeo, Pomponio, Estrabo,
Plinio, e quantos passaram, fui notorio;
Aqui toda a Africana costa acabo
Neste meu nunca visto Promontorio,
Que para o Polo Antartico se estende,
A quem vossa ousadia tanto offende.

The lines were thus rendered with sufficient accuracy and spirit by Sir Richard Fanshew in 1655:—

I am that great and secret Head of Land,
Which you the Cape of Tempests well did call,
From Strabo, Ptolemeo, Pomponius, and
Grave Pliny hid, and from the antients all;
I, the but-end that knits wide Africk's strand;
My Promontory is her mound and wall
To the Antartick Pole, which (nevertheless)
You only have the boldness to transgress.

So far Fanshew. Mickle, of course, evaded rendering this passage, as he evaded rendering so many others; but it is faithfully given to the extent of the translator's powers in the extraordinary version of the 'Lusiad' published by Colonel Mitchell in 1854, and for which the best excuse that can be offered is, that much of it was written while the translator was tossing round Cape Horn:—

I am that great and hidden Cape of the Earth
To whom ye give the name of Tormentorous,
Who never to Ptolemy, Pomponius, Strabo hath,
Or to Pliny, or any before them, been notorous.
Here all the African coast ends or rather doth
Turn round, in this my never seen Promontory,
Which into the Antartick circle extends,
And whom thy daring boldness so much offends.

Even Mitchell cannot make the passage much more ridiculous than it is in the original. The 'Appearance of the Spirit of the Cape of Storms to Vasco da Gama' was the great picture that occupied some years of the life of David Scott, the ambitious Scottish historical painter, who, probably, only knew the story in Camoens through the medium of Mickle. Let us fancy the sublime and gigantic figure which Scott's imagination conjured up, unsealing his tremendous lips amid the war of ocean, to give the useful information—how did he learn it himself?—that he was unknown to Strabo!

NEW NOVELS.

Wait and Hope. By John Edmund Reade. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)—There is so much care and pains evidenced in this novel that we feel sorry to record our verdict upon it. It is not amusing—the one indispensable cardinal virtue, without which a good novel cannot exist. 'Wait and Hope' reminds us of the style of Godwin. The dialogue, whether carried on by peer or peasant, is stilted and stately, and the arrangements of the story resemble the melo-dramas of the old Adelphi school, with a dash of some of those stories written to illustrations in the pages of the cheap journals—where every crisis is grouped into some effective tableau, the only drawback to which is, that the actors in such transcendental scenes of emotion should be represented in the ordinary coat, waistcoat, or crinoline of every-day life. In 'Wait and Hope' there is a family of smugglers residing, of course, on a rocky sea-shore; they have a mysterious daughter, called Pearl, who is so superior to her situation that she never converses except in the sublimest of language. There is a mysterious Baronet, who never stirs abroad, but dwells in a sort of castle on a cliff,

spending his life in study, and the presence of a veiled picture, under the influence of some mysterious grief "kept in close confine," and of which he holds the key himself, until Constance, a beautiful young lady of the "quently beauty" type, comes to visit him; to her he tells his tale, and it appears that the veiled picture is the portrait of his wife, who left him on account of his jealousy, and hid herself from his researches until her death: when she left her infant to the care of some cottagers, to whom she reveals her quality, entreating them never to let its father know of its existence (unless they became too poor to keep it), enforcing this request by the present of a diamond necklace and other articles of equal utility. This latter part is confided to the reader as a stage secret. The Baronet is, of course, in sorrowful ignorance about his child. The worthy couple become smugglers, and a gentleman, the nephew of the Baronet, who lives in his lonely castle, and is called "The Master of Monte," joins their crew and is in love with Pearl; and there is a jealous son who also loves Pearl and hates "the Master;" and what between smuggling encounters with the coast guard, treachery and attempts at murder, there are a good many powerful Adelphi "situations," and the speeches and the speakers are all quite equal to the situations. Nothing in prose or verse was ever more stately: it is like adopting the masonry of the Pyramids to build a summer-house. When the smugglers, having come to grief, retire to London for privacy, Pearl, of course, takes in plain work, which she transacts with the grace of a captive princess; and when all their resources are exhausted she takes an emerald bracelet to a pawnbroker, with an air and style of diction never heard or seen, except in the "domestic drama." There is a heartless ruffian at hand to insult her on her return home over Waterloo Bridge, where she sits down to rest, but she is rescued by her old adorer, the "Master of Monte," who had disappeared for some time previously, during which he had made great progress on the road to ruin; he finds himself, however, on the spot at precisely the right moment. Pearl raised her eyes and exclaimed, "It is the Master! it is Lionel Mortimer! save me, I entreat of you; take me from this place by a conveyance homewards. I feel that I am unable to walk further." There is a young man, a fellow lodger, who is smitten with a hopeless love for Pearl, and shows her many delicate attentions; but he seems introduced into the story for no other purpose, apparently, than to die of consumption, hastened by his unfortunate attachment, for though he tells his history to a benevolent lawyer, he does nothing else. Pearl has a last interview with him on his death-bed, where she enacts a Sister of Mercy. "The Master" discovers that Pearl is the daughter of Sir Reginald, and not of the smuggler. He and the smuggler's wife restore her to her father, and go away without waiting for thanks. The "Master" once more plunges into the lowest haunts of ruffianism, and whilst he is gambling up-stairs, the old woman of the house, who is dying below, confesses to something very like the Waterloo Bridge mystery. "The Master" has a narrow escape from being murdered as well as robbed; but there is a Providence, such as befriends heroes and heroines in novels, on the watch for him, in the shape of the before-mentioned benevolent lawyer, who rescues him from the clutches of a Jew money-lender, and carries him to Sir Reginald, who immediately forgives his past errors, and bestows on him his newly-found daughter, whilst he himself is graciously accepted by Constance: the characters group themselves, and the curtain drops. There are various characters and episodes, introduced for the purpose of showing the balance of character and the shades of human nature; but the stilts and buskin spoil the effect,—there is no ease or naturalness,—the author is too self-conscious, and his effects are too much laboured to produce the impression which is evidently wished and intended. It is too ambitious a book, and whilst we would both think and speak respectfully of Mr. Reade's talent and earnestness of purpose, we cannot say that his present novel, 'Wait and Hope,' is an adequate result of the pains and labour which have been bestowed upon it.

The Morning of Life. By the Author of 'Gordon of Duncarn.' 2 vols. (Westerton.)—Because the Author of 'Jane Eyre' continued to interest all her readers in the rise and progress of her attachment to Mr. Rochester, it does not follow that any and every authoress should have the pretension to detail her love-story at full length, revelling in the use of the first person singular, and exhibiting all the rest of the world as subordinated employed in carrying out the destinies of the very ordinary young lady—self elected to be *la jeune première* of the drama. Every man and woman born into the world has a history intensely interesting to themselves, but only by force of genius to be made interesting to those whom it does not concern. No amount of abstract brotherly love can make us care for the affairs of humanity in general; we all like "to season our fireside with personal talk" about neighbours whom we know and see daily, but we none of us care half a straw for the sayings and doings of the Mrs. Smiths and Mrs. Grundys who live in New Zealand. On the same principle the impatient reader will be apt to resent as impertinent the appeal for his "vote and interest" on behalf of Miss Mabel Willoughby, and the rise and progress of her misunderstandings with Mr. Annexley. None of the subordinate characters are sufficiently interesting or individual to arrest the reader's interest—they are too faintly drawn. The whole book may take rank as an idle morning call,—no particular harm in it, but consuming time which might be more usefully employed.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Stray Leaves of a Naturalist. By David Ross. (Houlston & Wright.)—This little book consists of a series of papers by a young and enthusiastic naturalist. His subjects are trite and common enough, but he possesses the enthusiasm of youth, and those who read his pages may be allured to a deeper study of nature than he has attempted. We make no doubt from this first attempt that he has gifts, which may be made subservient to a more profitable study of natural objects than he has produced in the present volume. The poetical feeling is undoubtedly a strong incentive to natural-history pursuits, but science is not satisfied with admiration; it demands close observation and a rigid adherence to the true nature of things. Some of our author's "stray leaves" are merely pleasant fancies; but we may hope to meet him again in a more laborious garb and with more valuable contributions to his favourite science than are contained in the present sentimental volume.

A Manual of the Steam-Engine and other Prime Movers. By W. J. Macquorn-Rankine. (Griffith & Co.)—The title has a blunder; the steam-engine is not a prime mover. The work is of nearly six hundred pages, loaded with expression of result or of theory reduced into formulae. We have never seen a work so heavy with formulae, and which runs over so wide a range. All matters connected with the prime movers, and the machines through which they act, are put ready for practical calculation and well indexed. Any thing like detailed account, and far more criticism, is beyond our place with respect to what is completely an engineer's book; but Mr. Rankine's reputation will induce many to wish to see his views on many subjects contained in this work, and what there is they will easily find.

The Unity of the Physical Sciences: being an Inquiry into the Causes of Gravitation and Polarity. By J. Dickson. (Van Voorst.)—We have done our best to find out what this book means, but we have not succeeded. The language of the first few pages sets our best efforts at defiance. Accordingly, we hand the book on to our readers as one more attempt to explain hidden things by an elastic medium; and we wish them better success than we have had. Assuredly if the author's phrases mean what they might seem to mean, we could give no flattering account of him. But there are appearances which incline us to relieve ourselves from the charge of dullness by the supposition that the author really has something in his head, right or wrong, which he has not succeeded in explaining.

But it is not in reference to these footprints—important as they are—that I am induced to trouble you with this communication. My purpose is more expressly, to call attention to an object *found among them*, which has excited the astonishment of those who have seen it. Lying horizontally in the clayey stratum of earth intervening between the beds of rock before referred to, was discovered what has every appearance of having formed *part of an ancient Gothic window*. It is composed of stone, but the stone is of a closer grain than that of the surrounding rock, and consists of a *mullion*, twenty inches long, springing perpendicularly from *tracery* a foot in length. This, however, was longer when found, a considerable portion having been irrecoverably broken. Surmounting this

mullion are two arms extending right and left, in a direction slightly upwards. The one on the right is fourteen inches, the other twenty-one, in length. These form at the point where they join the mullion an obtuse angle, which corresponds with the angles formed by each limb, severally with the mullion. Again, from the upper surface of these arms proceed, at right angles to them, two other arms, dichotomously, one eight, the other nine, inches in length. The height of the entire fragment is three feet, and the distance from the extreme points of the arms two feet seven inches. The mullion and tracery are quadrilateral. The side to the front, or the upper side as it lay when found, measures three and a half inches across; and this surface has the appearance of having been rudely "tooled," as by the hand of some primitive mason,—two grooves or fillets, separated by a nose one inch wide (to use the language of the craft), being distinctly and continuously traceable throughout.

Fully aware how inconsistent it is with the teachings of Geology to believe in the possibility of evidence of the existence of the human species being discovered in any of the earth's strata of earlier formation than the diluvial, I feel, in submitting the above particulars, that anything so startling as the supposed discovery of a work of human origin in a locality so extraordinary and unexpected will be received with doubt, if not with incredulity. But whatever the result of further investigation, which I desire, whether it be that we have in this fragment a human production, or, simply, the effect of some freak of Nature, there is still the question to be solved, "how came it to be placed in the situation in which it was found?" Of the fact of its having been so found the proofs are unexceptionable. The foreman, or clerk, of the works, Mr. J. Widders, an intelligent young man, was present at the time, and superintended the removal—which, however, was not effected without its being, unfortunately, broken into several pieces. He, likewise, has in his possession a piece of rock, on which are footprints, which was removed from immediately above, in fact overlying it—and which formed part of the under side of a bed of superimposed rock from twenty to thirty feet in thickness.

With respect to the nature of this rock, it will be scarcely necessary to say that it is understood to be regarded by geologists as of the New Red Sandstone formation; being continuous, for many miles distant, with the Sandstone now being quarried in various places; and associated with the celebrated *Salt Rock* of this county,—a characteristic of the New Red Sandstone system.

I will only add, that the proprietor of the quarry, J. L. Wright, Esq., of this town, will be happy at any time to allow inspection of the quarry, and of the fragment and footprints; and that I have obtained photographic views of them, which I shall be glad to exhibit to any gentleman who will call on me for the purpose, and to afford any additional information in my power.

HENRY WILSON, F.R.C.S.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, October 28, 1859.

THE Paris *flâneur* must have a new joke, or a new startling revelation, with his daily *absinthe*. Fresh game must be furnished to the darts of his mocking tongue. New pegs must be contrived whereon he may hang his extravagant stories. Paris has always a new fool, as she has a new song, upon the stocks. Paris has a daily subject of intense interest, without reference to which no glass of *vermouth* is sipped, no soda's frothy head is lifted to the glass's "beaded brim."

Paris is now busy with M. Edmond About, the vivacious author of 'Tolla' and of the 'Question Romaine.' *Figaro* declares that M. About is not very particular as to the means he adopts in order to keep his name before the world. It is his business to be in everybody's mouth, that he may thrust his books down everybody's throat. M. About, in short, is tiring the Parisians. He has yet to learn how to wear his laurels gracefully. More, he has much to explain to the busy talkers

of the clubs. His 'Question Romaine' is admired for its uncompromising spirit, and the brilliant passages which it includes. But, say some of M. About's readers, how did it happen that the book was printed in Paris and published in Brussels? More, did the proofs really and truly find their way into a certain important public ministry? And why was that ridiculous comedy played in the Palais Royal when three or four copies were seized by a posse of policemen in the face of a crowd of bystanders? No less than 30,000 copies of this 'Question Romaine,' I am assured, had been sold in France, under the nose of the all-observant police, before "authority" bestirred itself. Is it, then, true that this heavy battering-ram set up by M. About is in reality a Government property? I confess that I have my suspicions. I suspect that M. About is doing work which the Emperor has not the courage to perform openly for himself. The time has not yet come for an undisguised attack upon Papal abuses by that austere son of the Church who is brooding over the map of Europe at St.-Cloud. But the way may be cleared, and, I believe, it is being cleared.

A very zealous Bonapartist said to me, only two or three days ago, that France wanted a Henry the Eighth to regulate her insolent priesthood. "And," added my friend, "you will see a very serious movement shortly. A pamphlet on 'Protestantism in France' is about to appear that will make a noise."

M. de La Guéronnière has a busy time of it just now, what with the marshalling of surreptitiously-paid pamphleteers and interviews with wrangling editors. But it is more profitable to be the censor than the censored; so M. de La Guéronnière flourishes,—is, indeed, on the high road to splendid fortune. The old Republican has become the watch-dog of the Second Empire. He is awkward, however, in his new kennel. Thus, only a few days since, it became the ex-Republican's duty to give a warning to M. Veuillot's *Union*—M. Veuillot having printed a violent article against the Emperor. The warning was given, but the censor was imprudent enough to publish it in all the French papers, together with the attack which had provoked it. Thus, M. Veuillot's animadversions were printed throughout the length and breadth of France—to the great delight of the dingy gentlemen of whose insolence M. Veuillot is the audacious representative. Did M. de La Guéronnière commit this error intentionally?

There is something of gravity in suspense between the Emperor and the clergy; and, I am informed on very good authority, His Majesty will not be displeased to see a strong pamphlet on 'Protestantism in France' appear. I may repeat the song a certain bird whispered in my ear last Thursday. Prince Napoleon was waiting impatiently in the ante-room of his august relative. The august relative presently issued from his cabinet, and, seeing the Prince's impatient air, said—"You are in a hurry, my cousin."—"I have much to do," the Prince replied.—"And I," replied the august personage, "have I nothing to do, with all the clergy howling at my back?"—"Sire," replied the cousin, "I warned you of this long ago."—"Well, well," was the hasty answer, "I know, I know; but let them beware, or I shall learn how to deal with them."—The Prince was, possibly, busy preparing for his visit to the Great Eastern, in the scientific difficulties of which, his friends averred, he took great interest:—as he took interest in the Paris Exhibition of 1855, where he discovered (according to his book on the subject) that M. Titus exhibited some magnificent samples of salt. The gentleman to whom the Prince made this flattering allusion was Mr. Titus Salt, the great manufacturer. But the Prince is not alone here in his ignorance.

The Minister of Justice lately made his report on crime in France, and gave the abstract of it in the columns of the *Moniteur*. The Minister took this occasion to make some instructive contrasts between crime in France and crime in England, in the course of which the Lord Chancellor was described as presiding at the Old Bailey!

A violent politician, whose writings are full of inflammatory material, discovered, only a fortnight

ago that there had been as many press prosecutions in England as there had been in France. "And," said the indignant writer, "if proof be asked, we refer our readers to the Statutes at Large!" But the violent politician was not to be left unanswered. An opponent wrote in an opposition journal, to ask who had ever heard of the Statutes at Large? This, your readers will allow, is good, substantial ignorance. The Statutes at Large first mistaken for Law Reports, and then put aside contemptuously as the creations of an antagonist's fancy, are amusing, and for the first time. But the Lord Chancellor sent to the Old Bailey by the French Minister of Justice is the picture to which I give the preference. *Figaro* may blunder at his will, and call Lord Henry Seymour a first-rate "four-in-hands" every week, if he please. I turn again and again to my *Moniteur* for a master-stroke. I am inclined, indeed, to step across the Boulevards, and learn for myself whether the South-Eastern Railway Company no longer undertake the journey between the two great capitals in eleven hours—whether the electric wires have ceased to act, and whether the old diligences are about to be dragged from the lumber-yards.

The Hôtel du Louvre has been recently troubled by an American Exhibition, which reminds us that Monsieur the Minister of Justice is not the only person a little behind his time in this great city of Boulevards. It would appear that, not very many days ago, two gentlemen of colour took up their quarters in the great hotel, where luggage is distributed by machinery, and where there is fitting accommodation for the Russian Prince and the modest commercial traveller—if, indeed, commercial travelling and modesty were ever discovered in company. Little did these coloured gentlemen anticipate the reception that was in store for them. They had been accustomed to travel in England; and had begun to feel that they were not so very inferior after all to a cow-hiding Yankee. They had become bold enough to stand erect before the white man; and to sit and eat in his august presence. They entered the gorgeous *salle-à-manger* therefore of the Hôtel du Louvre without fear; and took their places at the *table-d'hôte* with all the ease in the world. They were prepared to eat of the same *flet aux truffes*, and to enjoy the same *suprême* which were to invigorate and gratify the very whitest man or woman at the table. But they had counted without their countrymen of the West. They were free to eat with enslaved Frenchmen, but not with the enlightened Republicans of the stars and stripes. The waiters were presently seen to be in violent discussion with a group of thin and sallow men, who were "guessing" and "calculating" and "reckoning" vehemently. These waiters were informed that the sallow gentlemen in question guessed they were not going to sit at table with niggers; that these same gentlemen calculated the landlord would have to turn the fellows out; and that these gentlemen reckoned, moreover, that they themselves would kick the vermin out neck and crop should the landlord prove that he did not know his business. The landlord, or head of the hotel, was introduced. This gentleman very properly declined to expel his coloured guests; whereupon enlightened Republicans of the West actually took the law into their own hands, and kicked the "niggers" out of the hotel. And nobody had the courage to take the "niggers' part!"

The above is not the only instance of nigger-hunting that has occurred opposite the Tuileries recently. A short time ago a benevolent American lady was at the hotel. She had distinguished herself by many charitable acts, and was much liked. At the *table-d'hôte* one day, however, she sent for the manager of the hotel, and informed him that she could not sit at the table with the person who was seated opposite her. The manager stared, for a very graceful lady was pointed at. The American sister had discovered, however, that there was a thimble-full of negro blood in her neighbour, and the sister was a thing to scorn. The manager would not turn the half-caste from the public table—the benevolent American rose, therefore, and went to her own room to dine.

I might add other gossip, if it were interesting

to your readers to learn that Prince Napoleon is called the fifth wheel (or useless one) in the Italian car,—that the Censor-in-Chief of the Press is said to be worth more than a million francs already, and that the Empress and Princess Clotilde have quarrelled on the important subject of dress,—and other *badinage*, or froth of the *cafés*, of this description; but I rather close my letter with a bit of news—M. Fould has established a public school for teaching drawing upon wood and wood-engraving.

B. J.

Florence, October, 1859.

I was last night present when a Florentine friend only a few hours returned from a flying visit to Milan and Venice was giving a sketch of his experiences there to an eager knot of listeners, all brimful of anxious curiosity and enthusiastic sympathy, for such a traveller's tale is now a far stronger and rarer magnet of attraction here than if he had but just come back from the Antipodes, fresh from the wonders of new heavens and a new earth. A few of the facts he mentioned seem to me so worthy of transmission that I repeat them, as nearly as possible in the traveller's own words, who, be it said by the way, is on ordinary occasions a man of few words, calm and undemonstrative; and, though a hearty lover of his country, the last person in the world likely to exaggerate her wrongs or cry undeserved shame upon her oppressors.

"Venice," said he, "is literally a desolation; worse a thousand times than if her streets were wholly deserted. A gloomy sullen silence broods over the once noisy, chattering, light-hearted population night and day. It seemed to me that the look of the very Austrian soldiery partook of the general despondent prostration (*avvilimento*). They looked as though they were half inclined to make friends with their captives, but the Venetians hold them and their masters in horror, and shrink from the least contact with them wherever it is possible to do so. In the country, as in the cities of Venetia, the inhabitants seem to be ever restlessly moving about, hither and thither, noiselessly and abruptly, like the pieces on a chessboard, but without any apparent reason. One feels that the bitter rage is yet burning at their hearts for the terrible disillusion of Villafranca, and that it must flame up with the slightest stirring. So close were they to the fulfilment of their highest hopes, that in the last days of the war, when the French fleet came close in to Venice, the Austrian batteries never fired a shot, as though they deferred a vain semblance of defence to the last possible moment. On the morning of one of these days, the citizens, as they met in their daily business, wrung each other's hands and whispered to each other, 'Before night we shall be free!' Before many hours had passed, they were doubly slaves! The state of things produced by so fearful a revulsion cannot last; the very monstrosity of their condition serves to keep alive the hope which nerves the Venetians for the obstinacy of their passive resistance."

Here, one of the party, an Englishman, remarked to the narrator, that if the insolent bearing of the Austrian soldiers is softened towards the population, some corresponding change has probably taken place in those intolerable vexations of the police, which irritate an already suffering people to madness. "*Che!*" cried the traveller, with the scornful emphasis which only a Tuscan can throw into the all-powerful monosyllable. "The Austrian police system change! well for you, *amico mio*, if in your country you have not had to learn that cats' children are sure to catch mice. I will give you a little illustration of the *improved* state of things in that respect; which took place, as it were, under my very eyes. A Venetian acquaintance of mine, a mercantile man, went to Milan the other day on pressing business. While there, feeling, no doubt, poor soul! as if his lungs were hungrily inhaling the fresh air after long confinement in a close dungeon, ventured to let out a little of the fullness of his heart in conversing with friends in street or café, extolling the bright and prosperous condition of Milan, and bewailing the abject wretchedness of the Venetian territory. But the Austrian spy,

it seems, yet lurks, sharp of eye and keen of ear, even in redeemed Lombardy. No sooner had the Venetian returned home, a little comforted by his trip, than "..... and here the speaker eked out his phrase by the expressive crossing of his hands as if chained together, which one sees in the drooping helpless arms of an *Ecce homo*. "And," continued he, "so I left him, and so, no doubt, he is at this moment."

"At least," said I, "the Venetians keep a stout heart in the midst of their troubles, and know of a surety that their Italian brethren, and not they alone, suffer with their suffering, and triumph in their unflinching endurance for freedom's sake."

"True," was the answer. "But it is a *misericordia del cielo* (mercy of heaven) if they do so. What official knowledge is allowed them of events stirring in the rest of the Peninsula? The only newspapers permitted in Venice are the *Gazetta di Venezia*, Austrian journal *par excellence*, and the *Observer* of Trieste, equally devoted to the two-headed eagle. Once a fortnight or so, by a rare chance, a number of the *Constitutionnel* is allowed to circulate, but not until it has been spelt through and through by those in authority and declared utterly innocuous."

"What, then!" asked a vivacious Sicilian, twisting off the tip of his cigar, as though he were wringing the Austrian Eagle's two necks at once. "What, then, they have fairly succeeded, the *birbanti*! (rascals), in crushing down every outward demonstration of national enthusiasm, have they?"—"Not so, strange to say," answered the Florentine; "I was startled more than once during the short time I stayed in Venice by a chorus of voices, neither timorous nor uncheerful, sending up their full chords through the stillness of midnight, as it seemed to me from one of those small Piazzette so common in the city, at the end of a narrow flagged lane running behind the house where I was staying. The words were as clear and distinct as willing hearts and lusty lungs could make them, '*Viva l'Italia! Viva l'unione! Viva Vittorio, nostro re!*' I never heard that chorus," continued he, "without shivering all over with a foreboding that it would break off suddenly with a sharp cry or a tramp and clatter of sabres." "Brave fellows!" cried the Sicilian—"noble fellows! with the dungeon and the lash within two steps of them. And what of the women?"

"To say that they imitate their husbands, lovers, and brothers, in what the Austrian police would call their stiff-necked insolence," said the traveller, "would be doing them very chary justice. They far outstrip them in obstinacy of purpose and pugnacity of hatred; and I must relate to you how on one occasion at least they fairly carried their point, and came off with flying colours in a contest with the Government. The great bulk of the workers in the Imperial tobacco factory at Venice are women, and previously to the last few months they had been accustomed to receive their payment every evening in cash on leaving work. When the finances of Austria had reached their present disabled condition the Government *employé* intrusted with this duty offered his numerous claimants their due in paper-money, which is worth just thirty per cent. less than the same sum in cash. Wives, maids, and widows indignantly refused the offer, and on being assured that they would receive payment on no other terms, declared that in that case they would not enter the factory-doors, and obstinately kept their word, though the *polenta* grew doubtless all too scanty in the houses of most of them in the carrying out of their resolution. The puzzled *Kaiserliche*, deprived of their usual workers, and well knowing that others were not to be got to fill their places, for the work requires a degree of knack and nicety only to be attained by years of practice, sent a party of soldiers round to the homes of the chief recalcitrants to bring them to reason.... and to work. But the Venetian heroines showed a bold front to the white-coats; saluted them with volleys of apples, raw potatoes, big unripe water-melons (no contemptible substitute for cannon balls), and shouts of '*Ah, vigliacchi! Ah, infami!*' (ah, cowards! ah, miscreants!) you are come to serve us as your cousins, the Swiss, did the women of Perugia! you'll be for flogging us to the factory next! But when you get us there you can't make

us work!" and such like aggravating war-cries, which, coupled with their valorous deeds, and probably with fear of the ridicule which would be cast on such a struggle, caused the military to be ordered back to their quarters, and the Government graciously offered to capitulate and pay half the sum in cash if the other half was quietly accepted in paper. But this unprecedented act of concession was met by a flat refusal, and not a woman of them all (there were many hundreds in number) would cross the threshold of the factory until the whole of the money had been paid down in good *sonanti* (hard cash), and a promise exacted of similar payments in future."

The laugh excited by this story of the Venetian heroines had scarcely subsided, when one of the listeners, a Venetian by birth, though long resident in Tuscany, exclaimed, "Luckier they than the poor bakers who got so infamously *messi in mezzo* (i.e. taken in; literally, put in the middle, or circumvented) at Venice a short time ago. Before the battle of Solferino an order had been given them for twenty thousand florins' worth of bread for the troops. The bread was accordingly duly baked, and eaten, and the payment for it was dishonestly tendered to the creditors of the Government in the detested paper-money. The loss of several thousand florins was a ruinous blow to the unfortunate bakers, who remonstrated, refused, resisted, but not having the wit, I suppose, to have recourse to the eloquent vituperation and unripe water-melons of the valiant *sigareros*, they were marched off in a body to prison, where they remained for several weeks, when having come to the conclusion, poor fellows! that half-ruin was better for their families than utter starvation, they accepted the stunted measure of payment allowed by Imperial justice, and were mercifully let out again."

And so the tale went on, heaping up example on example drawn from the annals of that unrighteous rule which yet lies so heavy on the Adriatic shore. But, like the drawing up of a thunder-cloud was the brightening of those mobile Southern faces when our friend expatiated lovingly on the new glories of Milan, crowded with guests, prospering in commerce, striving onwards and upwards in Art, prompt and fearless in warlike preparation, eager to instruct and improve her people, glorying in her constitutional Government and the King she has chosen.

"I spent but one whole night there," said he, "and that was passed on a hard sofa, after running about the town for a full hour in vain search for a bed. The very buildings of the noble old city look as if they had found a second youth, and the crowded streets and busy shops give it an un-Italian bustling character which yet befits it wonderfully well in this its new era. I only wish you could have seen the contrast, and as it was, between Milan and Padua, which I passed through the day before. It happened to be the name-day of the Emperor, and, according to annual custom, a brilliant Austrian military band was clanging away merrily on the Piazza de' Signori. In all the tall gaunt houses which surrounded that large square, not one window was open, not one blind unfastened, as though the plague were raging below; and a handfull of ragged urchins, and two or three morose-looking *impiegati*, were the only listeners to the '*Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser*,' played as usual in double quick-time, which rang through the empty Piazza and roused the echoes of the sunny streets."

These are but a few shadowings of the state of the Venetian provinces since the close of the war, such as I heard them described last night by "an eye-witness."

Here, matters continue to look prosperously, and the arrival of Prince Eugène of Savoy, to assume the Regency of the States of the League, is announced as close at hand. The news daily received from Rome tends ever to widen the breach between all that is wisest, best, and bravest in Northern Italy, and the false, mean, and cruel Papal Court. The declared partizanship of General de Goyon in favour of its despotism, and his unwarrantably insolent bearing towards the Piedmontese Minister on the occasion of his dismissal from Rome, has, as I can affirm upon irrefragable

testimony, left that city in a state of infinite commotion and indignation. If the French General's barricaded streets and levelled bayonets form part of the measures by which the French Emperor intends to convince the world of "the compatibility of the Pope's temporal sway with the peace and well-being of Italy," the proof, it must be allowed, is at least pariously like the famous Malaprop receipt for a happy marriage, which ought always to "begin with a little aversion."

The Government of Bologna has lately obtained proofs of a fact which, to most Englishmen, will doubtless seem incredible, and which would probably appear so even to Italians, if they did not know that the late King of Naples, of merciless memory, twice used the same unrighteous expedient in order to excite anarchy in Sicily; and that Austria not long ago employed it at Verona to give rise to deeds of violence in Lombardy. A number of galley slaves have been recently released by the Roman Government, and furnished with passports for Romagna. These few words, without comment, sufficiently show the fiendish malice of the means used to subvert the present state of things there, and to kindle disorder by deeds of blood and violence, thereby incarnating, as it were, the horrible calumnies invented by the Jesuit papers against the revolted provinces. But it is reasonably hoped that the Bolognese magistrates have had timely warning of the danger, and that, as was the case lately in Lombardy, the miscreants will be arrested before mischief be done.

One word before I close this letter on the severe censure heaped on the proclamation of the Dictator Farini with regard to the late most unfortunate and deeply regretted atrocity committed at Parma. The Government there have been especially blamed for styling in their proclamation the victim "a wretch," while they bestowed the epithet of "unfortunate" on the perpetrators of the crime. Now this criticism arises from an imperfect understanding of the language. The terms used are, *miserabile* as applied to Col. Anviti, and *sciagurato* as applied to the rioters. The former of these words, though often, it is true, equivalent to the French *miserable*, is also more strictly and properly used in its true etymological sense to signify an unfortunate, while a competent knowledge of Italian would make any one aware that *sciagurato* is invariably used as a term of most vehement reprobation, best translated by the word "villain."

Of course such a deed as the murder of Anviti merits and must be visited with the reprobation of every public writer in Europe, but it is also of course that all those who are opposed to the cause of freedom, and are watching the development of social progress in Italy with eyes of jealousy and aversion, should seek to turn the crime to the utmost possible account by unfairly enlarging the circumstances of it, to make it serve as the basis for an edifice of heaped-up conclusions which a whole September of such deeds would alone suffice to justify.

TH. T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

A contest for the Chancellorship of the University rages in Edinburgh. One party wishes to secure Lord Brougham for the office, another party is not less bent on electing the Duke of Buccleuch. The candidates represent, each in the highest degree, the two things most held in admiration beyond the Tweed:—ancient lineage combined with vast territorial wealth,—and, brilliant talents practically applied and crowned with success in life. Each is in its degree respectable. We ourselves should prefer to see Lord Brougham elected, but the man who votes for the Duke of Buccleuch is not necessarily a toady or a fool. Respect for a man who represents an old stock is respect for a glorious past. The world is on the side of those who esteem historical, above contemporary, greatness; and venerates the line of a hero more than the hero himself. It may be wrong, but it is a fact. The inclination to nobleship is too common to be a fair ground of special rebuke. Of the crowds who would now subscribe to a statue of Bunyan, how many would have thrown a copper to the prisoner in Bedford

jail! Are there no idolaters of Shakspeare who, had they been alive in his day, would have black-balled him at the Mermaid Club?

The Independent Union of the University of Glasgow has resolved to nominate Lord Elgin as Lord Rector of the University at the ensuing election.

A new start of life appears to have been given to the Queen's College at Galway, by the lamentable interference of the Roman hierarchy in the secular education of the Irish. We have not joined in the present unphilosophical denunciation of the Irish prelates, much as we may see cause to regret their recent acts. We have not forgotten that the first assaults on that noble system of popular education—a system which in a few years, by its own direct action and by its impulse on the voluntary efforts of the churches, has made Ireland peaceful, prosperous and content—proceeded, not from the Roman, but from the English and Scottish clergy. Belfast was noisy when Tuam and Armagh were silent. On Stephen's Green, not at St. Jarlath, rose the early mutterings of the storm which has now burst. Dr. Whately was the first to secede from the Irish Board. Presbyterians and Episcopalians clamoured for separate schools long before the Catholics. Late in the day these follow suit: but why defame them as though they had risen in revolt? We should like to hear of any congregation of English prelates consenting to a system of mixed and secular education for our own people. The Catholic prelates are only pursuing the path laid out for them in London and Dublin by functionaries who claim to belong to a more liberal and enlightened church. But while we in fairness allow that Dr. Cullen and his friends are only acting in the spirit of all hierarchies, ancient and modern, Celtic and Saxon, we shall rejoice in every hint of proof that their attempts to arrest the progress of their country in secular knowledge have failed. They are, in our humble judgment, wrong, though they are not alone in the wrong. We rejoice, therefore, to find that, in spite of their protests, the number of students entering at Galway, and particularly of Roman Catholic students, is considerably in advance of last year. May it be so at Cork!

The facts of Mr. Turnbull's appointment to abstract, decipher and translate the foreign correspondence of Edward the Sixth, Mary and Elizabeth are said to be these. This admirer of the Jesuits had been employed by the Master of the Rolls to copy and edit 'The Chronicles of Scotland,' in three huge volumes; a task which he is said to have achieved to the satisfaction of those who set him to work. When this task was done, he applied for other employment in the public service; and Sir John Romilly, finding him qualified, as to language and experience of manuscripts, gave him the duty which has become the theme of so many protests. At the time when this appointment was made, the Master of the Rolls had no knowledge of Mr. Turnbull's very peculiar opinions as to the course of English history; opinions springing from the change of his views as to the sacred character of priestly rule; but the appointment being once made, and Mr. Turnbull put on his guard by the popular outcry, it is thought by some that it ought to stand, and may, in fact, stand without much harm being done. We cannot share in this illusion. The public has made up its mind, and will receive any work, of this peculiar kind, from Mr. Turnbull's hand with distrust. Nor will the mischief be confined to this gentleman and his abstracts. If official routine shall persist in forcing what the public have designated a Jesuit version of our State Papers on the literary inquirer, the result will be that the whole series of Calendars may become tainted with the leprosy of doubt.

Mr. Wilkie Collins wishes to make some explanations in our columns with respect to his 'Queen of Hearts,' which would have appeared with equal grace and more appropriateness in his Preface to that work. We make room for them, however, with hearty goodwill; for we have the highest respect for Mr. Collins as a conscientious cultivator of the art of story-telling, and have always shown ourselves glad to discuss his results whenever he

has been pleased to offer an original opportunity for doing so. Here are his notes:—

"2A, New Cavendish Street, October 26.

"I beg permission, in the interests of plain fact, to correct a mis-statement which appears in the *Athenæum* of last week, on the subject of my recently-published work of fiction, 'The Queen of Hearts.' Your critic announces that 'The Queen of Hearts' is a reprint from *Household Words*. Rather less than one-fourth of it is a reprint from *Household Words*; and considerably more than one-half of the seven hundred and odd pages which remain after deducting that fourth, consists of contributions on my part to the literature of fiction that are now published in England for the first time. 'If the critic in question will be so obliging as to open the book, he may make acquaintance with three stories ('The Black Cottage,' 'The Biter Bit,' and 'A Plot in Private Life') which he has not met with before in *Household Words*, or in any other English periodical whatever; and he will, moreover, find the whole collection of stories connected by an entirely new thread of interest which it has cost me some thought and trouble to weave for the occasion, and which runs through nearly two hundred pages of the work. When he has made these discoveries, I think he will agree with me that his description of my new volumes as a reprint from *Household Words*, not only fails in doing fair justice to the pains I have taken to give them as much of the attraction of novelty as I could, but announces the appearance of the work to the readers of the *Athenæum* in terms which can only be truly applied to less than one-fourth of it. Under these circumstances, I do not ask you to treat the book with the courtesies of critical attention which your weekly contemporaries have willingly offered to it.—I only request you to give me fair play by inserting this letter. I am, &c.,

"WILKIE COLLINS."

—Why not have said all this in the Preface? Mr. Collins confesses that the contents of his volumes are mainly reprinted, either from *Household Words* or from the pages of some magazine not "published in England." If we understand him, nothing in them is new except the framework which holds them together. Where, then, is the unfairness of describing them as a reprint?

Mr. Carpenter writes a few decisive words on a subject of which he is necessarily the highest judge:—

"British Museum, Oct. 25.

"When an eminent printseller, having purchased a fine collection of prints or drawings, allows the authorities of the British Museum to make the first selection from it I can understand that an obligation is incurred; but this never having been the case with the firm of Messrs. Graves, I am quite at a loss to comprehend in what way the Print Room of the British Museum is deeply indebted to the late Mr. Francis Graves as is set forth in your paper of Saturday last. In saying this, I mean no disparagement to the knowledge and experience of that gentleman, of which I always entertained a high opinion, and no person more sincerely regrets his having been called so suddenly from amongst us than myself. I am, &c.

"W. H. CARPENTER, Keeper of the Prints."

—We had always understood that Mr. Graves had been useful to the British Museum—and this impression, we see, was shared by our contemporaries. Mr. Carpenter, however, cannot be mistaken, and we accept his word for all that he means it to convey.

At the request of the Registrar-General, a Committee appointed by the Council of the Royal Society has drawn up a Report on the Calculating Machine, recently constructed, for the office of the Registrar-General, by Mr. Donkin. The machine, with the exception of two or three improvements in the minor details, is identical in principle with the original machine of M. Schuetz. This extremely ingenious invention, for which M. Schuetz took out a patent, follows the general ideas of Mr. Babbage in the distribution of digits and differences, and in particular in throwing back the differences at every alternate order or stage. But the mechanism by which the additions and carryings are effected in M. Schuetz's machine is

different from that of Mr. Babbage. The engine is also provided with mechanism for printing, or rather for furnishing stereotype plates of the calculated results. The advantages which the construction of such a machine brings with it in the saving of mental labour and the avoidance of risk and error are only now beginning to be made matters of actual experience. The machine constructed for the Registrar-General's office is a most beautiful piece of mechanism, and as an example of what it can effect the following may be adduced:—The machine calculated and printed in 1 hour and 15 minutes a table relating to life annuities, which occupied a computer working in the ordinary way 2 hours and 55 minutes; and such calculations are ordinarily given to two computers to guard against errors. Thus, this machine will be the means of effecting a great saving in calculating annuity and other tables, and also in printing them correctly and rapidly.

Three or four correspondents wish to protest against any claim on the part of Chevalier de Chatelain to the merit of reviving an interest in the old story of 'Cleomades.' One of these letters will suffice:—

"45, Upper Albany Street, Oct. 26.

"In your last number I observe a notice of 'Cleomades: a tale, transferred into modern French verse, from the old dialect of Adénès le Roi, contemporary with Chaucer—by the Chevalier de Chatelain.' Not having seen the book itself, I am uncertain whether the Chevalier de Chatelain professes to have been the first to hunt up and modernize this old romaunt, and to suggest Chaucer's connexion with it; from the tone of your notice, however, I rather infer that this is the assumption, express or implied. It is fair, therefore, that your readers should understand that such an assumption is gratuitous. In Mr. Keightley's work, published in 1834, 'Tales and Popular Fictions; their Resemblances and Transmission from Country to Country,' the 'Cleomades of Adénès' is mentioned and abstracted at some length, and its "not unlikely" relation to Chaucer's Squire's Tale pointed out; and it is further stated that "an *extrait* of this story, under the title of 'Cléomades et Claremonde,' was given by Count Tressau in the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, being rendered from a prose imitation, in the fifteenth century, of the poem of Adénès. I am, &c., W. M. ROSSETTI."

The authorities in Berlin have opened the Museum and Picture Galleries in the *Lustgarten* on the Sundays, with the greatest success. Crowds gather in the Egyptian Hall, admire the marble Apollos and Minervas, pore over the wondrous allegories of Kaulbach and Cornelius, without apparent injury to their morals, though very much it is rumoured to the loss of the wine-cellars and dancing gardens. So, at least, says a friend in Berlin.

A Belgian, M. Telesphore Lois, of Gembloux, has accepted the invitation of the Brazilian Government to navigate the Amazon river from its source to its mouth. M. Lois has engaged sixty-four bold men to try the adventure with him, and has informed the Royal Belgian Academy that, should he perish in the undertaking, he had taken measures to have his manuscripts and collections delivered to the Academy.

The *Marbach Schiller-Verein* publishes an acknowledgment to the boys of several German colleges, who have collected among themselves and remitted to the Verein the sum of 1,300 florins, to which sum the acquisition of Schiller's house is partly owing. As to the Centenary Birthday, it promises to become a national festival in the widest sense of the word, and the like of which Germany has not celebrated before. It is impossible to take a newspaper in hand without finding on every page paragraphs referring to the festival. The towns vie with each other which will do most honour to the memory of Schiller; in short, Schiller is the watchword of the day, and will be so for a few weeks more. On the whole, the different German Governments lend a favourable hand to the festival, and for once do not smell democratic intrigues in the general enthusiasm. Only the Berlin people feel disappointed, because the local authorities refuse permission to the great festival procession,

which was contemplated. As regards the Germans living in England, we hear, that besides London, Liverpool, Manchester and Bradford are preparing festivals.

The extensive library of the late Karl Ritter has been left to a brother, his sole heir. This brother is of a very advanced age himself, and not likely to make use of the rich treasures put at his disposal. Thus, no doubt, the library will be soon for sale. It is rich in scientific works of all kinds; but for the history of geography, there may possibly not be another in the world to be compared to it. The extensiveness and profusion of its mapping treasures, especially, is such as would astonish the most diligent collectors of our day.

Mr. J. C. Stevens has disposed by auction during the week of a good collection of botanical specimens and books. The following list comprises some of the books:—Hughes's *Natural History of Barbadoes*, 11. 3s.;—Gerarde's *Herball*, 11. 17s.;—Lindley, *Icones Plantarum sponte China nascentium*, 11.;—Andrews's *Botanists' Repository*, 51. 10s.;—Batemann's *Orchidaceæ of Mexico and Guatemala*, 131.;—Cavanille, *Icones et Descriptiones Plantarum quæ, aut sponte in Hispaniâ crescent, aut in hortis hospitantur*, 81. 10s.;—Pescatorea, ou *Choix Iconographique des Orchidées*, par Linden, 41. 6s.;—Decandolle et Redouté, *Historia Plantarum Succulentarum*, 121.;—Flora Danica, les *Icones Plantarum in Danici et Norwegiâ sponte nascentium*, 151. 10s.;—Humboldt, *Monographie des Mélastomacées, Mélastomes Rexiæ*, 41.;—Jacquin, *Selectarum Stirpium Americanum Historia*, 251.;—by the same naturalist, *Icones Plantarum Rariorum*, 101.;—*Plantarum Rariorum Horti Casari Schönbrunnensis Descriptiones et Icones*, 121. 12s.;—Kermes, *Abbildungen Med-Oeconomiischer Pflanzen*, 51.;—Martius, *Genera et Species Palmarum*, 221.;—Martius et Endlicher, *Flora Brasiliensis*, (all published), 111.;—Redouté, les *Liliacées*, 171. 10s.;—Reichenbach, *Flora Exotica*, 81.;—Roxburgh's *Plants of the Coast of Coromandel*, 171. 10s.;—Royle's *Illustrations of Botany and Natural History of the Himalayan Mountains*, 41. 12s. 6d.;—Sainte-Hilaire, *Flora Brasiliæ Meridionalis*, 111. 10s.;—Wallich, *Plantæ Asiaticæ Rariores*, 111. 5s.;—Wight, *Icones Plantarum Indiæ Orientalis*, 241.;—Blume, *Rumphia*, 151.;—Martius, *Nova Genera et Species Plantarum*, 121. 12s.;—Poeppig et Endlicher, *Nova Genera et Species Plantarum, quas in regno Chilensi, Peruviano et terrâ Amazonicâ*, 101.;—The sale produced in all 6041.

MR. ALBERT SMITH has the honour to announce that CHINA WILL BE THROWN OPEN to the English, and such other nations as choose to enter into negotiations at the Box-Office according to the treaty of last June (provided always, that they do not attempt to force any forbidden passage in their journey towards Canton), on SATURDAY EVENING, November 5. The Box-Office will open on Monday, October 31, where places may be secured without additional charge for booking.—Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s. 6d.; Private Boxes, for Three Persons, 10s. 6d.—EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

SCIENCE

Handbook of Geological Terms and Geology.
By David Page. (Blackwood & Sons.)

The last straw breaks the camel's back. At the threshold of nearly every natural science there now lies a formidable obstacle—a mass of hard and often unmanageable names. Is it possible that the *savans* soberly propose these for our committal to memory? If so, do they take any account of the failures of memory even in familiar things and in ordinary life? If we can but imperfectly remember all our friends in the flesh, what is to become of our friends in fossil? If we forget human beings who have lived, thought and acted beside us, shall we be able to grave more deeply in our memories the names of stones,—of fishes who never moved fin or wagged tail in our sight,—of reptiles who never crawled, batrachians who never croaked, and crocodiles who never snapped their serrated jaws in our hearing or presence? Then, worse than all, though our human friends bear English names, our fossil friends bear Greek and Latin ones. In the *Peérage of Petrifications*, though

most of the families are of British extraction, yet their titles are too often foreign and barbarous. Though you may be tolerably familiar with the family of Sharks, it by no means follows that you will know them as the *Carcharodons*,—and though you may have often looked upon twisted seeds, you would not believe that you had gazed upon *Gyrogonites*.

Let the student take up Morris's 'Catalogue of British Fossils,'—a mere book of classified names—and at once his ardour is cooled and his hope checked. If a lifetime be before him he may attack them all with the expectation of making them familiar as household words before he dies, but if half a lifetime lie behind him the victory is doubtful. Cato, indeed, learned Greek when he was old, but Geological Greek would, we fear, have been too much even for Cato—had he known it to be Greek, and not mistaken it for Carthaginian.

Of all sciences Geology is the most encumbered with a mass and multiplicity of strange and peculiar terms, and this arises from its composite character. It is a central science to which many others tend from the whole circumference of the circle of sciences. It is a Queen of Sciences to which others continually bring tribute. Mineralogy, Chemistry, Zoology, Physiology, Botany and Conchology are some of the maidens of honour to this sovereign science. But while all these bring tribute, they burden with technicalities. Hence our geological treasury is deeply embarrassed with verbal riches, and the Lords of this Treasury must needs be masters of tongues, and servants of many natural sciences.

Nor does there seem to be any end or reasonable limit to the addition of new terms. Not only are new discoveries made and distinguished by new names, but old ones are found to be either incorrect or inappropriate, and new names are added to old ones rather than substituted for them. A terebratula of old becomes to-day a rhynchonella; but the former word remains, although with a more limited application. Accuracy, therefore, rather increases than diminishes the difficulty. Moreover there is a blameable tendency to multiply specific names—upon the slightest appearance of a specific difference—a difference which may ultimately vanish into a mere variety. Every man with a little Latin and less Greek may coin a new specific name, or he may contrive to have his own name barbarized into a Latin genitive, and may build hopes of immortality upon the utterance of a cacophony which should rather consign him to eternal durance. People with names such as Brackenridge, for instance, should remain un-Latinized,—for who can repeat "Ammonites Brackenridgii"? Yet the manufacture is as unceasing as ever, and we are horrified at finding our old friends epitaphed by the inscription of Stutchburi, Woodwardii, M'Coyanus, Pollexfeni, and worst of all, a good German Doctor dignified with Nöggerathii. All we have to add is, that we are deeply grateful that Schlieirmacher the theologian, Schweighäuser the classic, and Ehlenschläger the poet did not betake themselves to fossils. The Latin genitives of such names would have been too much for any man's gravity.

It is too late to think of devising any simple remedy for this state of things. Several naturalists, including Agassiz, believe the unavoidable issue must be that Natural History will become a mere system of nomenclature rather than an instructive and philosophical pursuit. As it is, we fear that of the number of those who addict themselves to Geology many are rather nominalists than realists—are rather disposed to conclude that they have become proficient in the science when they have their

collection of fossils named up to the latest terminology.

Matter-of-fact folks would suppose that English terms might remain untranslated, and that such a title as *Allwrinkle* would be at least as good as *Holoptychius*, and more easily remembered. Any young lady might be disposed to play with a fish-lich which would shriek at and shrink from an *Ichthyosaurus*. Name-makers, however, would declare their dignity imperilled by such vulgarity and primitive simplicity, and therefore simplicity of title is now as hopeless as a Quaker's garb. The fashions that have amplified female dress into fearful rotundity find their scientific counterpart in the nomenclature of stones.

The whole case would be much modified if Geology were made, as it certainly should be, an essential branch of education. Schrevelius's or Hederic's *Lexicon* contains far harder and more hateful names than any elementary book of our Science; and if fossils and minerals were exhibited in connexion with their names, the nimble tongue of youth would easily wind round the most angular denominations, and retain them until second childhood might creep over the man. Then, though the hand could no longer hold a hammer, the tongue might still manage a multitude of geological terms. A lawyer of our acquaintance, thus early indoctrinated, can turn with remarkable quickness from parchments to petrifications, and from Blackstone to belemnites. We ourselves have now tenaciously retained the toughest names which we first acquired a quarter of a century ago in our boyhood. In the intervals between our Horace and our Homer, our geological classic was Miller's '*Crinoidea*'—a book which abounds in the most trying designations; and we have recently experimented in name-teaching upon an intelligent boy of ten years old, who can now repeat with admirable facility choice selections from Miller—such as "*Actinocrinus Triacenta Dactylus*," "*Eugeniocrinus Quinquangulatus*," and "*Cyathocrinus Tuberculatus*." Until Geology becomes the study or recreation of youth, the difficulties of its nomenclature can only be met by a compromise. Either we must have translations and explanations in parentheses, or glossaries at the end of volumes,—both of which, nevertheless, would be inadequate, since to answer all requirements parentheses would be too frequent and glossaries too full;—or, on the other hand, we must seek a separate dictionary or handbook of terms and names, which shall stand in the place of lexicons to the old classics, and we must be willing to confess that Lyell requires a lexicon as well as Euripides, and Agassiz an interpreter as well as Thucydides.

The present '*Handbook*' comes before us as a helper in these perplexities. It has been preceded only by Dr. Humble's '*Dictionary*,' which is now out of date as well as out of print. No one can doubt the desirableness of such a manual; the only question is, are its pretensions justified by its execution? To form a fair opinion we have kept it at hand for a week, and referred to it daily, seeking for such terms as we might justly expect to find explained. On the whole, we may pronounce it to be a praiseworthy '*Handbook*,' although it is very far from what might have been presented to the public. Its chief defect is the absence, so far as we can discover, of a clear, judicious and dominant guiding principle in the selection of terms. Most of those chosen appear to be the results of casual notation while reading some principal geological books, apart from a systematic arrangement of such names as demand interpretation, and seldom meet with it. But casual notation will never make a complete

handbook. We find many simple words, such as lime, alum, amber, emery, iron, copper and tin, which might have been omitted; and we miss many difficult words which might have been included, such as *Hippopodium*, *Ischadites*, *Purpuroidea*, *Perna*, and twenty others which we have failed to find in any one hour's consultation. There is no apparent reason for the preference of some names to others of the same genus or family. If we have *Micraster* and *Toxaster*, why do we not have *Pygaster*? If we have *Pleuracanthus*, why not *Ctenacanthus*? and so we might proceed. But worse than this, because a proof of mere inattention, we have found several cross-references fail altogether. Thus, under '*Heavy Spar*,' we are referred to '*Strontianite*,' which is omitted. Under '*Glossopteris*,' Mr. Page says "see *Sagenopteris*," which we cannot see; under '*Ear-bones*,' see '*Otolites*,' of which, however, we see or hear nothing more. We might multiply examples of inaccuracies and deficiencies; but we simply name enough to justify our remarks. In another part of the book the compiler says, "after Dr. T. Wright, of Manchester," whereas our friend is of Cheltenham. Moreover, Mr. Page's Greek is sometimes anything but Greek. Of silica he announces the etymology (the termination, we suppose), to be "*chalis*, a pebble,"—yet "*chalis*" is something much better, namely, pure unmixed wine; while *χαλς* is a pebble or flint. But it is painful to notify faults when we approve of the book in the main. If the compiler will be guided by us in the second edition he seems to expect, and will, we hope, find to be demanded, he will recast his '*Handbook*,' or fully reconsider it, and omitting most of the mineralogical terms—which are either so simple as to need little interpretation, or so strange as to require too much—he will supply their place with as many palæontological names as he can find room for, and his readers patience for. Let him neither repeat himself nor other elementary authors; but let him address himself manfully to that palæontological polyglot, to explain and converse in which will, we fear, soon be too much even for a modern Mithridates.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TECH. Photographie, 8.
WED. Geological, 8.
THURS. Linnean, 8.—On *Conbrethum integrum*, by M. Carnel.—
"On East Indian Hepatites," by Mr. Mottley.—On New
Species of *Hymenopterous Insects* from Celebes, by Mr.
Smith.—On the Zoological Geography of the Malay
Archipelago, by Mr. Wallace.

FINE ARTS

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The re-opening of the National Gallery, which took place on Monday last, brings with it, as usual, many changes and not a few additions of considerable importance. The good principle of extending our knowledge of Art to masters really great in themselves, although in former times not even known to the leading connoisseurs of this country, is being thoroughly carried out. As really authentic Raphaels and Titians are not to be brought within marketable range, the Director of the Gallery consults our interests by collecting for us the accepted *chef-d'œuvre* of less universally known masters, but whose importance, nevertheless, was fully recognized by the most eminent authorities on such matters. Of this class may be named a fine picture from Lord Northwick's Collection, by Girolamo da Treviso, signed IERONIMVS TREVISIVS. P. Vasari speaks of it when in the Church of St. Domenico, at Bologna, as his *capo-d'opere*; and it was purchased by Lord Northwick from the Solly Collection in 1847, for the sum of 296l. 2s. The locality now assigned to this Treviso is in the first great room on the right-hand side as pendant to the Velasquez '*Adoration of the Shepherds*,' and having, in singular defiance of all arrangement according to schools or treatment, the

great Murillo of the '*Holy Trinity*' between them. The most striking feature, however, among the recent acquisitions will be found on the opposite wall, in a massive gold architectural *façade*, rather than frame, containing five panels with figures of life size. The centre and arched compartment represents Joseph and the Virgin adoring the newborn Infant, with six boy-angels in the clouds above, chanting the '*Gloria*,' from a very long strip of paper. A full-length figure of St. Jerome, as a penitent, occupies the right-hand panel, and the opposite side is devoted to the warrior-youth, St. Alessandro. Above him is a half-length figure of the monastic St. Filippo Benozzo, the celebrated Beato of the Order of Serviti, whilst the corresponding one, over St. Jerome, is the episcopal figure of St. Gaudenzio. This architectural series was painted in 1525 for the high altar of the Church of St. Alessandro, at Brescia, by Girolamo Romani, called Il Romanino, an admirer of Titian and rival of Moretto. The remaining novelties will be found in the first small room to the left on ascending the stairs. The very large altar-piece, by Bonvicino, called Il Moretto da Brescia, occupies the place of honour facing Pollajuolo's '*St. Sebastian*,' corresponding with the central position which Lord Northwick always assigned it in the Long Gallery, at Thirlestane House. St. Bernardino, of Siena, is the principal figure; even St. Francis, the founder of his order, kneels to him, and St. Nicholas stands by in respectful attention. The marriage of St. Catherine is represented in the clouds above, and St. Clara kneels in adoration. The three mitres at the feet of St. Bernardino, severally inscribed "*Urbino*, *Ferrara* and *Siena*," denote the three bishoprics which he refused. Near this grand picture is placed the exquisite Masaccio, considered to be his own portrait, and which created so much sensation when contributed by Lord Northwick to the Manchester Exhibition. Nearly opposite to it is a rather small picture, by Carlo Crivelli, representing a *Pietà*, or the dead body of the Saviour, supported by boy-angels in a sitting posture on the edge of the tomb. The form of the high gabled frame, with twisted gilt columns in the Italian-Gothic style, scarcely accords with the works of this essentially Renaissance painter. Even the little moulding on one of the slabs pertains to classic rather than to the Italian architecture of the end of the fourteenth century. The picture is inscribed, in letters painted to look as if incised on the stone, CAROLVS CRIVELLVS VENETVS PINSIT. Notwithstanding the hard outline, there is much grace in the drawing of the figures; and the spectator must be struck by the appealing expression of the left-hand angel, as he literally hangs his head over the shoulder of the dead Saviour. The history of Art is being well illustrated, and when the Trustees obtain command over the other half of the range of building we may hope to see their valuable collection set forth in duly classified and chronological order.

Peter Cornelius has finished a new picture in oil, for the well-known Wagner collection at Berlin. It was originally a sketch for an album, which the Rhenish province presented to the Prince of Prussia. The subject is from the old German legend, representing the grim Hagen, how he sinks the Hört of the Nibelungen into the Rhine. The idea of the painter that guided him to this subject was to symbolize the Nibelungen treasure as Germany's honour, which also cannot be separated from the Rhine; and is partly, at least, in the keeping of the Prince for whom the sketch was intended. The figure of Hagen forms the centre of the picture; he stands, all clothed in iron, with outstretched arm, commanding the dwarf, who cowers at his feet, to sink the coffer, filled with rich jewels, into the stream. The dwarf, the faithful keeper of the treasure, seems reluctantly to obey, and turns once more his face inquiringly up to Hagen; but already the fair water-sprites have noticed and claim their booty. They come swimming around the chest; the one largely made takes it on her shoulders to carry it down to the bottom of the river, but two others, more curious or impatient, swim near; and one, raising her body out of the waves, takes a bright jewel out of the trunk. On the right, we see again two

mermaids very busy to draw the dwarf Alperich into the water. The one contents herself with tempting him, by playing off all her sweet looks; the other, bolder, has seized him by the collar, and attempts pulling him down by main force. But the dwarf does not seem to enjoy the fun; he deals blows with his heavy hammer on the laughing sprites; yet the expression of his face is droll enough. A third dwarf carries a heavy vase towards the Rhine. On the left reclines the river-god, pouring from his urn the floods of the Rhine; near him sits Lurelei, combing her golden hair. She looks timidly towards Hagen, who is too mighty for her arts. Low hills, covered with grey clouds, form the background. It seems not altogether chance that this picture has been finished this summer, when the Rhine—at least in the opinion of the people—seemed threatened. At all events, it is pleasant to think that the aged master keeps so youthfully alive to the interest of his country.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.—Continuous Success of the English version of Meyerbeer's celebrated Opera.—The Management of the Royal English Opera have the satisfaction of announcing its repetition every evening until further notice, honoured as it is by increasing public favour. Fifth Week of Meyerbeer's great Opera of DINORAH. Misses Filling, Thirlwall, and Miss Louisa Pyne; Messrs. Santley, H. Cort, St. Alban, and W. Harrison. Conductor, Alfred Mellon. DIVERTISSEMENT. Mlle. Rosalia Lequin, Pasquale, Pierron, Clara Morgan, and Mons. Vandriss. Doors open at Half-past seven, commence at Eight. Stage Manager, Edward Stirling. Acting Manager, Edward Murray.

Sealls, 7a; Private Boxes, st. 44; 2l. 2s.; st. 12a. 6d.; 1l. 2s.; 1l. 1s. Dress Circle, 3s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 2s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatre, 1s.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PART-MUSIC TO ENGLISH WORDS.

O how amiable are thy dwellings! Anthem for Four Voices, with Soprano Solo. By Henry Baumer. (Novello).—Here is a pleasing anthem spoiled by the everyday disregard of English musicians to English prosody. The words

O how am-i-a-ble

are set—

O how aim-a-ble,

—the four-syllable adjective being thus made impossible to pronounce. The word comes again and again,—is not to be evaded. The result is, the effect of an awkward composition by a foreigner. M. Baumer, however, in this is no worse than the majority of his English brethren. They will not read the words they undertake to set. They are too apt, having found a musical sentence or phrase, there and then to twist into it "lengths" from the Bible, or Shelley's poems, or Shakespeare,—no matter what violence be done to vowel, consonant, or cadence:—the result proving that, let them know ever so well how to write in four parts, they do not respect "the accents of their mother-tongue."—This is gratuitous. All language is not fit for music, be it ever so sonorous; but in all lyrical English language there is nothing essentially intractable—nay, more, which should not suggest form, rhythm, individuality of phrase. The great words of our version of the Scriptures, such as the Psalms, and the lyric portions of the Prophecies, could be read in tempo. Our singers, as a body, declaim their own language worse than the singers of any other country; and this not wholly because they are desired to "make no noise" when children (as Mr. Hullah acutely remarked in one of his early lectures), but because many of the words which they are called on to sing are so uncouthly set, that if singers care for the notes, verbal meaning and the euphony must, like *Jill*, in the nursery-song,

Come tumbling after,

no matter how broken the tumble. M. Baumer has an elegant fancy, and constructive power, but this Anthem can never be sung cleanly, which means articulately and effectively. Yet who shall wonder at this, seeing that our Academy of Music has till now only had, now and then, by chance, a Professor of Declamation, a scholar and a gentleman, that is,—to read to the pupils, and to make them listen to his reading, if not read to him? There really must come more collateral education

into the art sooner or later, if the art is to grow and bear fruit in our country.

By way of continuing the above remarks,—and to separate them, as it were, with due regard to the importance of their subject, we shall merely here notice two other pamphlets of part-music to English words. The first consists of the two *Prize Glee*s, 1859, of the *Tonic Sol-Fa Association* (Novello). The first, 'The Fern and the Foxglove,' is by Herr Dürmer, an amiable and delicate German musician long settled at Edinburgh, to whose many winning attainments and instincts (just "a fly's step" short of Genius) this journal has often borne testimony. But in place of "is," the past tense should be used. Herr Dürmer was found dead in his bed the morning before the prize was adjudged to him. The verse he set to a gay and tuneable melody made such an inanity and such a cacophony necessary as the following:—

First Verse.

The | fern and the foxglove for | me, yes, for me,

Second Verse.

The | fern and the foxglove for | me, echo I.

The "yes" in the first verse every one must reject as a dismally bald expedient, borrowed from the platitudes of the translated foreign Opera book. The *e, o, i*, (three vowels in remorseless succession), in Verse the Second, cannot be got through without a terrible twist of the mouth when the time is "quickly and lightly." The elegant writer thought of his music, not of his language. If this 'Prize Glee' can be sung audibly by many voices to a part, with good tone and neat pronunciation, we should be surprised. There is no hardship of the kind to be charged against Horsley's Part-songs. He read good poetry poetically; he set the same musically; and the result was as clear as charming and pertinent. Mr. Benjamin Congreve's 'The Fisherman' (the other prize glee) is stouter and simpler, not without strain (if not positive falsity) of accent here and there, but this not in a fatal degree.

Nos. I. and II. of *Six Four-Part Songs*, &c., by Alfred and Bennett Gilbert (Cock & Co.), are liable to similar criticism. Who can sing

Where | in—sects |

as here noted without distortion to voice, vowel, or sacrifice of the last three consonants!—The above, we own, are minute criticisms, but neither fastidious nor irrational; because, in their discussion, whether for agreement or disagreement, the existence of English vocal music is involved. What is wanted is not something hybrid, imitative, queerly proportioned; but a graceful, natural, and characteristic union of our peculiar language with a poetical art which has always changed its forms in harmony with language.—Now when English music is rising, English understanding of the laws of union between "voice and verse" ought to rise too.

PRINCESS'S.—The eccentric *vaudeville* known as 'La Chatte Métamorphosée' was placed on this stage on Monday, under the title of 'Puss! or, Metempsychosis.' A studious young man, full of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, readily submits to the deception contrived by his friends, that a favourite cat is transformed into a beautiful young woman, his cousin, *Adelaide*, with whom, accordingly, he falls in love, though occasionally disgusted by her feline habits, which she yet retains in her regenerated state, notwithstanding her willingness to reform. Miss Louise Keeley has to support this strange rôle, and realizes it to perfection. White satin and fur give her yet the semblance of the animal, which, further improved by gesture and appropriate situations, leads to odd combinations of the feline and human that were very amusing. Miss Keeley has won by the performance much credit as an ingenious artist. On Wednesday, Mr. G. Melville, from the provinces, made his *début* as *Hamel*. He proved to be an intelligent and elegant representation of the melancholy Prince. There was also something fresh and original in his general conception and manner. His youth also in such a character is a great advantage, and gave an air of naturalness to the whole performance. On a future occasion we shall enter into this gentlemen's merits more particularly.

Suffice it for the present to say that he was successful with the audience.

SURREY.—'What will he do with it?' is the name of a new drama produced here on Monday. As its title imports, it is taken from Sir Bulwer Lytton's novel of the same name. It is an old licence of this house to place dramatized romances on the stage; and, on the present occasion, this has been almost literally done. The different scenes link themselves together better than might have been expected; and the dialogue proves to possess more than ordinary dramatic power. An actor from Australia, Mr. T. G. Drummond, made his *début* in the part of *Guy Darrell*, and evidently has qualifications for tragic character, but broke down from over-exertion in the earlier scenes. He must learn to restrain his energies. Mr. Basil Potter, as *Jasper Locely*, was highly successful, as was also Mr. Voltaire as *William Waife*. Mr. Shepherd, as the showman, *Lorenzo Rugge*, made the most of his part. The scenery of the piece is really beautiful; and the general performance of the action merited the applause that it received.

ASTLEY'S.—The fact that Mr. Tom Taylor has provided the dialogue and framework of the equestrian piece at this theatre renders it our duty to extend our remarks to its performance. The fertile dramatic adapter has selected the exploits of Garibaldi for his theme, and the spectacle is named after the Italian hero. It takes the four parts of his career, beginning with his residence at Uruguay, in 1846, where the motive of his future perils is stated, in the incident of a treacherous captain in the Italian legion, one *Mancini*, conceiving a guilty passion for Garibaldi's wife *Anita*, and also a corresponding hatred of her husband. This thread of dramatic interest is carried through the four parts, the villain having various disguises, and revengefully carrying off the daughter of the heroic pair, who is, however, restored in the final act, while the traitor falls beneath the patriot's sword in the conflict at Stelvio Pass. In the second act, some capital scenery represents Rome by moonlight, and the conflict on the walls, which is conducted with great spirit, with some admirable groupings, realizing the struggle on the breach, and the carrying of the Roman defences. The third part presents a panorama of the shores of the Adriatic, and the escape of Garibaldi and Anita from Cosenatico, in fishing-boats under the fire of the Austrian patrol. It concludes with the death of the heroine, in the Pine Woods near Magna Vacca: a scene into which Mr. Taylor has introduced considerable pathos. The concluding tableau, as we have intimated, presents the scenery of the Stelvio and the events of 1859. News arrives of the Armistice of Villafranca; and the curtain falls. As a spectacle, the piece is certainly interesting from its connexion with recent events; and the libretto by Mr. Taylor presents much meritorious dialogue, and many interesting situations.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—A new *operetta* by Mr. H. Leslie, to text by Mr. J. P. Simpson, has been accepted at Covent Garden Theatre. Preparation, too, is there going on for the production of 'Lurline' by Mr. Wallace.

Later letters from Aberdeen brighten the impression of the Musical Festival there having been a success. The choral performance is described, in them, as good generally. There is "money in the bag," we are assured, after all expenses have been paid.

Dr. Bennett's 'May Queen' was performed at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last, by "the Vocal Association," conducted by Mr. Benedict.

Mr. Smith is announcing yet another Drury Lane Italian Opera season as about to begin on the 8th of next month. Mlle. Tietjens will be the *prima donna*; and will sing in 'Martha,' among other operas.

'Israel in Egypt' was performed, as one of Dr. Wyld's series of cheap Oratorios, at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening.

The contest among the village bands at Loft-house, in Yorkshire,—announced some weeks ago

—took place on the last day of last month. Six brass bands competed;—the least numerous among them consisting of nine performers,—a dozen being the largest number. The order of playing was decided by lot. The ten Lofthouse Sax-Horns carried off the prize. The programme included the names of Bellini, Mozart, Signor Verdi (in two pieces), Donizetti, Handel,—and, as “test pieces to be played by each of the bands,” a ‘Grand Parade March,’ by Mr. Jones. There is a large balance in hand to bring matters forward withal, in 1860. There is something to be made of these meetings. The other day, we perceive, our Sovereign while visiting at Penrhyn was regaled with music “grown on the premises.” The programme of the Lofthouse village concert has been transcribed, not without reference to remarks on town amateur-doings put forth lately. “What people love to play, and why they love to play it, and how they can play it,” are not three bad heads for a discourse. Neither are they bad considerations to be suggested to any young musician who would rather strike out a line for himself than be struck down as a distant imitator of great men, each of whom has exhausted some main branch of musical composition. Why not write for amateurs like these Sax-Horns and others?—easy, clear, tuneful music,—the tune being the “rub.” Every great master has in turn condescended;—Handel to tea-gardens,—Beethoven to Vienna brass-bands,—Mozart to a musical-clock,—Mendelssohn to an equestrian circus. How long will our small men determine to be great without being able to be small?—how long will they fail accordingly, and deservedly? Such a fame as Béranger’s is not a bad fame; and yet his songs began in the *guinguette* and with the *gaudriole*.

A telegram from Cassel announces the death, on the 22nd inst., of Dr. Louis Spohr.

The coming *ballet* at the *Grand Opéra* of Paris may, it is possible, bring back the brilliant days of ‘La Sylphide’ and ‘Le Gipsy’; since M. Scribe is to invent the story, M. Offenbach to write the music, Madame Tagliani to put it on the stage, and Mlle. Emma Livry to dance it.

At the Schiller-Festival, which is about to be held in the Crystal Palace, a *Cantata* will be performed; the poetry by Herr Freiligrath, the music by Herr Pauer.—M. Meyerbeer is composing some music for the Schiller-Festival in Paris. Among the other revivals to which the coming anniversary will give occasion, is that of his ‘*Türandot*,’ which will be produced at the Royal Theatre at Hanover: with the music of C. von Weber. This last is numbered as the composer’s 37th *Opus*; and is described as consisting of an Overture and a March. Should not these be heard at the Philharmonic Concerts?

During the winter season, there is, we are glad to learn, some chance of operatic novelty at Berlin. A new ‘*Weibtertreue*’ by Herr Schmidt, the author of ‘*Prince Eugene*’ and ‘*Queen Christina*’ (of Sweden), by Count de Redern.

Some of our readers interested in London Italian music will hear with pleasure of the gradually-growing success in her own country of the clever lady, known here as Mlle. Vera.—She will, probably, it is stated, sing at *La Scala* at Milan, during the coming season.—There is still, apparently, a corner for Opera in no less anxious a corner of Italy than the Papal States,—since foreign journals mention the entire success at Bologna, of ‘*Vittore Pisano*,’ an opera by *Maestro Peri*. Regarding this composer, it may be recollected, we have never given up expectation, though years have elapsed since he produced the opera on which our hope was based.—At Naples, matters seem to go from worse to worst, at the *Teatro San Carlo*.—‘*Ser Pomponio*,’ however, a comic opera, is described as having “a run” at the *Teatro Nuovo*.

A new five-act comedy by M. H. Meilhac—‘*Un Petit-fils de Mascarille*’—lately produced at the *Gymnase*, (where, by the way, Madame Rose-Chéri has been playing Mlle. Mars’s great part of *Marie*) appears to have had but a contested success.—This may in part be owing to the choice of its subject, which appears to us more than eminently disagreeable, howsoever our strange neighbours may consent to accept it as a moral lesson. The hero is predestined to profligacy and extravagance,—being the son of

one of those vicious women, who have of late years swarmed like a plague over the French stage. Five acts of vice and trickery in the second generation, may well be too strong a dose even for Parisian digestion. We are sorry to think of such loss of time and mistake of career from M. Meilhac; having understood him to be one of the younger writers from whom real comedy might be looked for in France.

MISCELLANEA

Archæological Association for Hampshire.—A “Hampshire Clergyman” asks,—“Why has not Hampshire its own archæological association? We have had meetings of the general Societies within our county, and these meetings have done much good. But the county has not yet been by any means thoroughly explored. A Hampshire Association, under the presidency of (say) the Earl of Carnarvon, with a strong council of Hampshire antiquaries, might do much towards stirring up a local interest in such matters. It might further undertake the compilation and publication of a full county history. The materials for such a work are abundant: the work itself is a thing wanted. Of course I am not unacquainted with the compilations of Warner, Mudie, and the like. But not one of them is the county history which Hampshire properly deserves.”—*Builder*.

*. The *Athenæum* has more than once asked the same question. Hampshire has no County History. Warner and Mudie do not pretend to give the history of families, or to trace the descent of properties. Sussex, on the contrary, an adjoining county, has two, if not three, histories, and the best Archæological Society in England, which has just issued its eleventh volume. Kent, also, has its County Histories; but it has, within these twelve or eighteen months, started an Archæological Society, which, we believe, has already enrolled more than 700 members.

Plutarch’s Lives.—I have just read with very great interest the review, contained in your paper of Sept. 24, of Clough’s revised translation of ‘*Plutarch’s Lives*.’ There is one passage in that review, in which the writer, while justly reproaching the version given by the Langhorns of the few but very pregnant words, *ἰσχυρὸς καὶ βίαιος* *περὶ τὰς ἀντιτάς*, adds a doubtful and somewhat hesitating commendation of Mr. Clough’s rendering “of a determined disposition and resolute to see himself righted.” It is easy to see how the translator has been led into this paraphrasing the words of his original—viz., by seeking, in the history of the person referred to, a clue to the meaning of a somewhat unusual phrase. But surely that clue is not so far to seek, nor need we be forced into rendering *βίαιος* “resolute,” nor be reduced to the alternative of supposing, either that our author is for once napping, as even a greater than Plutarch was judged to be “*aliquando*,” or of degrading Demosthenes from the pedestal which he has so long and so worthily occupied, by supposing that his “*resolution*” was confined to those cases in which his own “*rights*” were concerned. Is not the solution of the difficulty rather to be sought in the peculiar extent of meaning covered by the noun *ἀντιτάς*, and the verb to which it is related? That noun, if I mistake not, combines the two meanings of *attack* and *defence*, which, in the parent verb, are distinguished by variety of inflection or of construction. If this be so, the simplest and most literal rendering of the words already quoted will also be the best, and the most worthy of the great orator to whom they refer, seeing that we shall learn from them on the authority of Plutarch, in confirmation of what our knowledge of his character, and of the wondrous magic of his eloquence, would have led us to anticipate, that “he was nervous and vehement whether in attack or in defence.” It is with some hesitation that I make this suggestion, far away as I am at this moment from even the most ordinary books of reference, and without the opportunity even of examining the context of the passage, in which the words in question occur.

WHARTON B. MARRIOTT.

Grasmere, Oct. 4.

Prof. Forbes on Ice.—A discussion on the properties of ice took place at Aberdeen, during which Prof. Forbes made the following statements:—He agreed with Prof. J. Thomson that the phenomenon of regelation is only another phase of that property of ice which renders it viscous or plastic on the great scale; he differs from him as to the explanation, at least when applied to the phenomena of glaciers. Prof. Forbes has no wish to deny that in laboratory experiments, where ice is exposed to sudden and excessive changes of pressure, the lowering of the freezing point anticipated by Prof. J. Thomson may be really efficient in re-aggregating the fractured masses. But the view of the gradual fusion of ice throughout a certain small range of temperature below 32° (as proved by M. Prosen from his own and M. Regnault’s experiments) appears to him to necessitate the phenomenon of regelation without any pressure at all. If 32° be the temperature of ice in the extremity of dissolution or on the point of conversion into water, then a solid block of ice at a thawing temperature has a sensibly lower temperature in its interior than at its surface; a fact which Prof. Forbes has verified by observation. Such a block may indeed be conceived to be subdivided by isothermal surfaces, of which the exterior one only can be considered to have a temperature of 32°, the temperature of the nucleus being, say 31° 6', or perhaps a good deal lower,—and the intermediate parts having taken up a portion of latent heat must have an intermediate temperature. The thickness of this stratum of variable temperature is perhaps not less than an inch, and the ice which composes it has manifestly very different mechanical qualities from the nucleus. It is what mineralogists call *sectile*, that is, easily cut and fashioned by the knife, with small hardness and little fragility. It resembles in this respect cheese or hard brown soap, and may be squeezed and moulded under Braham’s press without splintering, showing the characteristic forms of soft solids treated in the same manner. In this respect it differs importantly from the crystalline nucleus, which is hard and splintering. It is manifest that a glacier during summer is placed in the most favourable circumstances to assume this soft transition state, being exposed for days and months to a hot sun, hot air, and water infiltrating innumerable crevices. But to return to regelation. Admitting the constitution of a block of thawing ice to be such as has been described, the exterior surface alone is maintained at a temperature of 32°, and it is so exclusively by the sources of heat (air and water) exterior to it. The interior strata of ice next to it are all colder than itself. Withdraw the air or water by placing next to it another block of thawing ice in precisely the same conditions with the first, the superficial film of water common to both is placed between two surfaces of slightly colder ice. It consequently falls in temperature by giving part of its latent heat to the interior ice (which it softens more or less), but in doing so it becomes itself frozen. If the data be correct, it is certain that regelation must result from this constitution of ice and water. It is also certain from experiment that ice but little inferior in temperature to 32°, or having taken up part of its latent heat, is sufficiently softened to be moulded under pressure and to cohere with other similar surfaces without the intervention of water at all, or anything which can be strictly described as regelation. This may be, and probably is, the ordinary condition of the ice of glaciers in summer. Generally speaking, when ice and water remain in contact the tendency of the ice is to thaw, and the tendency of the water is to freeze. If the former predominate very much in quantity, as in the case of a small ice cavity containing water, the water will gradually pass into the state of ice (provided no external heat reaches it by radiation or otherwise), its latent heat going to soften slightly the surrounding mass. If, on the other hand, a small mass of ice float in a cistern of water it will in time melt, the cold of crystallization tending merely to render the water slightly less mobile.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—M. F. C.—J. B.—C. A. C.—W. W.—A. F.—H. W.—received.

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